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Gleanings.

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

“Gather the scattered fragments that remain,”
Thus crowns our Bounteous Lord, the feast of years;
So, go we forth, and glean the ripened grain,
And to the garner bear the winnowed ears.

BISHOP BURGESS.

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PROEM.

You've listen'd long and oft, sweet friends
To all my varied strain,
And courteous will it be, and kind,
To listen once again.

Still happier doth it make me, friends,
While years fleet by, like dew,
And toward the West the sun-beam tends,
To sing these songs to you ;

For well the melodies of earth,
Bird, stream, and poet's lyre,
Accord with our immortal birth,
And yon celestial choir.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

City of marble!—whose lone structures rise,
In pomp of sculpture beautifully rare,
On thy lone brow a mournful mystery lies ;
For to thy haunts no busy feet repair,
No curling smoke ascends from roof-tree fair,
No cry of warning time the clock repeats,
Nor voice of sabbath-bell convokes to prayer,
There are no children playing in thy streets,
Nor sounds of echoing toil invade thy green retreats.

Rich vines around yon graceful columns wind,
Young buds unfold, the dewy skies to bless,
Yet no fresh wreaths thine inmates wake to bind,
Prune no wild spray, nor pleasant garden dress,

From no luxuriant flower its fragrance press,
 The golden sunsets through inwoven trees
 Tremble and flash, but they no praise express,
 No casement lift to catch the balmy breeze,
 For every change of earth, hath lost the power to please.

A ceaseless tide of immigration flows
 Through thy still gate, for thou forbiddest none
 On thy close-curtain'd couches to repose,
 Or lease thy narrow tenements of stone ;
 It matters not, where first the sunbeam shone
 Upon their cradle,—'neath the foliage free
 Where dark palmettos fleck the torrid zone,
 Or 'mid the icebergs of the Arctic Sea,
 Thou dost no passport claim,—all are at home with thee.

One pledge alone they give, before their name
 Is with thy peaceful denizens enrolled,—
 The vow of silence, thou from each dost claim,
 More strict and stern than Sparta's rule of old,
 Bidding no secrets of thy realm be told,
 Nor lightest whisper from its precincts spread,
 Sealing each whitened lip with signet cold,
 To stamp the oath of fealty, 'ere they tread
 Thy never-echoing halls, Oh city of the dead !

'Mid haunts like thine, fond memories find their home,
 And sweet it was to me, in childhood's hours,
 'Neath every village church-yard's shade to roam,
 Where lowly mounds were decked with grassy flowers;
 And I have roamed where fair Mount Auburn towers,
 Where Laurel Hill a peaceful welcome gave
 To each new tenant of its hallowed bowers,
 And where, by quiet Lehigh's crystal wave,
 The meek Moravian smooths his turf-embroidered grave :

Where too, in Scotia, o'er the Bridge of Sighs,
 The Clyde's Necropolis uprears its head,
 Or that old abbey's sacred turrets rise
 Whose crypts embalm proud Albion's noblest dead,
 And where, by leafy canopy o'erspread
 The lyre of Gray its pensive descant made,
 And where, beside the dancing city's tread
 Old Père la Chaise, all gorgeously displayed
 Its meretricious robes, with chaplets overlaid :

But thou, Oh Greenwood ! sweetest art to me,
 Enriched with tints of ocean, earth and sky,
 Solemn and sweet, to meditation free,
 Even like a mother who with pleading eye

Implores His love who for her babes did die,
 Thou, with thy many children at thy breast
 Dost look to Him with tomb-stone prayer and sigh,
 To bless the lowly pillow of their rest,
 And shield them when that cell no longer guards its guest.

Calm, holy shades!—we turn to you for health,
 Sickness is with the living,—fear and pain,—
 And dire diseases thronging on by stealth
 From the worn heart its last red drop to drain,
 Or smite with palsying shaft the reeling brain,
 Till wearied man by countless ills distress,
 Doth find the healer's vaunted armor vain
 And with the spear-point reeking at his breast
 Welcome the quiet couch that his dear Savior blest.

Sorrow is with the living.—Youth doth fade,—
 And Joy unclasp its tendril green,—to die,
 The mocking tares the harvest-hope invade,
 On wrecking blast, Wealth's garner'd treasures fly,
 Our idols shame our fond idolatry,
 Unkindness gnaws the bosom's secret core,
 Even Friendship shows, perchance, an alter'd eye
 When stricken hearts their adverse lot deplore
 Oh, take us to your arms,—that we may grieve no more.

COLUMBUS.

A student mus'd in cloister'd cell,
The midnight lamp declin'd,
While visions of a vestal sphere
Wrapp'd his far reaching mind,

But then by mighty impulse mov'd,
Decision sprang from thought
And strong in eloquence of soul
The Genoese besought

Of lofty Science,—“Send me forth
O'er yonder trackless sea,—
And glorious themes for countless tomes
I will bring back to thee,

I'll win thee undiscovered fields,
 And trophies of renown,
 Compared to which thy harvests here
 Shall be as thistle-down :

But Science stood with folded arms,
 As if in sculptured pride,
 And like the Sadducees of old,
 Unvarnish'd truth decried.

He said to Commerce,—“Give me ships,
 And I the cost will pay,
 New mines of gold and Indian gems
 Shall sparkle to the day,”

But Commerce launch'd her cumbrous boats
 That fear'd to leave the shore,
 And coldly bade the dreamer hence,
 And waste her time no more.

He turn'd to Royalty, and cried,
 “If thou wilt speed my way,
 New realms shall rise, new nations bow
 Submissive to thy sway ;”

But the anointed kings were bent
 On conflicts of the hour,
 And chose in petty feuds to spend
 Their heaven-entrusted power.

To the tiara'd Church he knelt,
 "Oh Mother,—bless thy son !
 And send him with a Viceroy's power
 Where heathen souls are won,

And incense from a thousand shrines
 Shall on thine altars glow,
 And chanted praise from pagan tongues,
 Thy temple-courts o'erflow."

Then, the tiara'd Church gave ear,
 As her true suppliant pray'd,
 And Isabella's sceptred hand .
 The first oblation made,

And steering from the coast of Spain
 Three vessels woo'd the morn,—
 So, to gray Europe's wondering eyes
 This brave New World was born.

UP AND DOING.

“We can’t afford to wait.”

BISHOP CLARK.

Lo! from the wild, the city starts,
And on the prairie’s breast
Spring dome, and tower, and spire, like dream
Of Araby the blest,
And they who fall behind the age,
Or move with snail-like feet,
Are in these days of progress deem’d
Defunct, or obsolete.

2*

The world grows busy, and expects
 Her sons to do the same,
 She makes the boiling water work,
 And yokes the winged flame,
 She bids the mightiest elements
 Her varied will obey,
 And calls the lightning from the skies
 Her whisper'd words to say.

*The idle man is like the dead
 Who can no burial find;
 Ill fares it in the race, with those
 Who halt and look behind;
 Even she, who backward gaz'd of old,
 Was petrified, we read,
 And how can we afford to wait
 'Mid all this railroad speed?

The tares are growing in the field,
 Though we supinely sleep,
 And he who sows no seed betimes
 May hope in vain to reap,

* "The idle are a peculiar kind of dead, who cannot be buried."

ARABIAN PROVERB.

The Prince of Evil never lags,
 Nor loiters o'er his prey,
 And they must needs be wide awake
 Who think to bar his way.

The pagan people fade and fall
 In ignorance and night,
 Without a cheering ray from heaven
 The dreary grave to light,
 The ready mission-ship but asks
 Our bounty for its freight,
 Hark! to the cry of dying souls—
 They can't afford to wait.

If there's a duty unfulfill'd,
 A blessed word unspoken,
 Haste! ere the hour-glass of our days
 Is wasted, spent, or broken,
 Nor let procrastination lend
 Its burden to our fate,
 We can't afford to wait, my friends,—
 We can't afford to wait.

INSECT CONCERT.

There rose a mingled sound of insect-life
Up, at the closing day. Autumn had come
A yellow reaper forth,—yet nought of change
Saddened the landscape.

The brisk katy-did,

Striking with wiry foot her gauzy wing
Led like a viol,—the lithe tree-toad pour'd
A liquid melody,—the cricket wound
Her shrilly horn without a thought of pause,
While here and there, the people of the pool
Fusing the song in their monotony,
Lent a deep bass. And then, as best they might,
The weak-voiced nations of the grass essay'd
Part in the concert,—while with joyous dance
Mote and ephemeron glided through the air,

Wheeling in circles swift, as the spent Sun
 Drawing its golden curtain, sank to rest.
 'Twas beautiful to know that homeliest things
 Had music, and were glad.

Oh lordly man !

King of this lower earth, and yet so frail,
 Scorn not the frailer races, nor destroy
 The entrusted breath that is to them so dear.

The hunted spider coileth like a ball,
 Feigning the death he shuns,—and loathed worms
 Avoid the crushing foot. The mottled toad
 By boyhood marked for brutal martyrdom,
 Loveth his life and fain would see good days.
 Each hath some secret hoard of dear delight.
 And in their tiny hearts doth beat, such joy
 As their brief being hath the power to bear.

Be pitiful to earth's poor denizens,
 Ye who are fashioned of more perfect clay.
 Lo ! the bright angels have no touch of pride,
 But look benignant on life's lowliest forms,
 And from their inartistic chorus glean
 Perchance, some undertone of praise to God.

FAREWELL TO THE COMET.

Art passing from our sight away,
Oh visitant sublime,
Who brought us gifts of holy thought
At hush of even time?

High gifts of holy thought, that raise
Above the earth-bow'd train?
We miss thee from thy custom'd place,
And say farewell, with pain.

The beauty of thy banner'd scroll,
That night by night hath held
In admiration's gaze, the eye
Of infancy and eld,

Doth leave a void amid our sky,
 A sadness where it fled,
 A vacant seat among the stars,
 As though some friend were dead.

I saw thee at the highest node
 Of thy resplendent way,
 And every constellation paled
 At thy mysterious ray,

Arcturus, and his sons, gave heed
 Within their brilliant bower,
 And vail'd their viceroy coronets
 As to a monarch's power.

I saw thee at thy nearest point
 To this terrestrial gate,
 When old Astrology had quail'd
 To mark our planet's fate,

And high o'er Ursa-Major's bound
 Thine arch of glory swept,
 Where Libra's hand her golden scales
 With pois'd precision kept,

On, on, where many a clustering orb
 Completes its measured goal,
 To where the Dragon's spiry coil
 Enwraps the northern pole.

Now, onward still, through boundless space,
 With speed our thought that shames
 Where stranger-suns from burning thrones
 Cast forth their central flames,

An envoy of the Universe,
 Thou show'st to every land
 Those signals of Almighty Power
 Which all can understand.

Yet when again, this startled globe
 Thy car of fire shall see,
 And on her throne the regent Moon
 Receive thine embassy,

Long 'ere that time, oblivion's veil
 Shall shroud our noteless name,
 But still thine undeclining strength
 Jehovah's power proclaim.

THE BABE AND MINSTREL.

An infant in its mother's arms
Look'd from a casement high,
And pleasure o'er its features stray'd
As on his simple organ play'd
A boy of Italy.

So, day by day, his skill he plied,
With still increasing zeal,
For well the glittering coin he knew
That, pleased, those fairy fingers threw
Would buy his frugal meal.

But then, alas! there came a change,—
Unnoticed was his song,
And in that uprais'd, earnest eye
There dwelt a silent wonder why
The baby slept so long.

He knew not that those lips of rose
 Beneath the flowers were laid,
 That where the music never tires
 Among the white-robed angel choirs
 The chainless cherub stray'd.

Still, lingering at the accustomed place
 The minstrel plied his art,
 Though its soft symphony of words
 Convulsed with pain the broken chords
 Within the mother's heart.

They told him that the child was dead
 And must return no more,
 "*Dead! dead?*"—to his bewildered ear,
 A foreign tongue inured to hear,
 The sound no import bore.

At length, by slow degrees the truth
 O'er his young spirit stole,
 And with sad step he went his way,
 No more for that blest babe to play,
 The tear-drop in his soul.

THE NOBLE FARMER.

“Agriculture is the most healthy, the most useful, the most noble employment of man.”—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

What Hero from the battle-strife,
With palms of victory crown'd,
Fame's clarion-music in his ear
From earth's remotest bound,
What Ruler o'er a Nation's love
In majesty sublime,
The first, the greatest in the realm
A king in Freedom's clime,
Returns to rural haunts to watch
His ripening wheat fields wave?
A blessed gladness in his heart
That glory never gave.

Who, 'mid his acres broad and green,
Where plow-shares break the sod,
Prefers in sylvan toils to walk
With Nature and with God?
There was but One—who thus retired
From conquest, power and pride,
For which ambition hath so oft
In madness striven and died:
There was but One—dost ask his name?
'Neath fair Virginia's sky
Go, find Mount Vernon's sepulchre,
And heed its answering sigh.

THE CLOSED WATER-LILY.

Sleep on, my water-lily,—folded close,
In crystal vase.

How know'st thou night hath come?
Thou saw'st no sun go down, and a soft ray,
Like tender moonlight from the astral lamp,
Floateth around thee.

Dost thou dream, my flower,
Of loving sisters, on thy native lake
Disporting while the summer-ripple glides?

Art sad for them? or do they mourn for thee,
Borne like a bride away in manhood's clasp?

Art angry at the hand that broke thy stem,
And made thee captive in this stranger-home?

Hide no displeasure in thy spotless soul,—
It was thy lot to fade.

Free from the stain
Of one repining thought, so pass away,
Like a good spirit that hath left behind
Example pure, and naught but memories
Of beauty and of fragrance.

THE OLD DOMINION.

Virginia refused obedience to the protectorate of Cromwell, and sent to Charles Second, then a fugitive in Flanders, to come and be her ruler. He would have accepted the proposition, but was recalled to his ancestral throne. After his restoration he remembered the loyal Colony, which was designated as "The Old Dominion." As late as the reign of George Third, copper coins were extant bearing the united arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia.

In days of old, when Oliver
Smote off the Stuart crown,
And on our Mother Albion's throne
Without remorse sate down,

Virginia, in her new-found home,
Far o'er the watery way,
With filial loyalty refused
Subjection to his sway.

So, frowning in contemptuous wrath,
 "I'll send my ships," quoth he,
 "And teach her at the cannon's mouth,
 What words to say to me."

Then to that exiled Prince she turned,
 Who long in foreign climes
 Had sought for refuge, here and there,
 'Mid dark and troubled times,

Who from the haughty court of Spain
 Forc'd in his need to fly,
 Partook in Flanders, ill at ease,
 Cold hospitality.

"Oh, heir of England's royal line,
 And Scotia's ancient race,
 Come thou, and reign our sovereign lord,
 With all thy kingly grace:"

Charles, to this language of the heart,
 Exulting made reply,
 "I'll go, and in yon brave New World
 My better fortunes try ;

“On the broad James’ majestic shore,
My palace-halls I’ll raise,
And the red savages will make
Rich pageant for our plays.”

So all in readiness he stood
To dare the billowy main,
While many a fancy, strangely bright,
Swept through his dazzled brain.

But One with noiseless step drew near,
Whose fiat none may stay,
Whose silent lip, and palsying touch,
The mightiest forms obey.

Down fell stout Cromwell in the trance
That never more must break,
While he whose sire on scaffold fell
Was call’d the crown to take;

Was call’d the sceptre’s power to wield,
And cliffs were red with flame,
And shouts from tower to hamlet spake
When back that wanderer came.

Yet lingering in his grateful mind
Gleam'd out her image fair,
Who sought him in his low estate,
And vow'd allegiance rare,

And quarter'd with his lion-shield,
Thistle and shamrock green,
As token of a king's regard,
Virginia's arms were seen ;

While History touch'd *her* glowing brow
With radiance like the sun,
Who, in her maiden blush, the name
Of "*Old Dominion*" won.

APRIL.

Hail! second born of Spring—
Full of fair hopes and gracious ministries,
Germ-quickener, and bud opener, setting free
The slavery of streams,
Bidding each ice-bound brooklet sing
Of joyous liberty,
Making the tiniest seed expand and swell,
Even 'mid its cradle-dreams.
April! I love thee well,
And fain would kiss away
The tear oft gathering in thine eye of blue:
But lo! with changeful ray,
The smile is on thy lip, and the bright sun breaks through.

Meek Daisy of the wild!
 God hath remembered thee,
 And like some clear-brow'd child
 Making the cottage glad,
 Thou comest forth, with trustful eye,
 'Neath this uncertain sky;
 Be not afraid, or sad,
 He shall thy helper be.

Oh! brown and creeping Moss—
 He who lights up the sun,
 And countless stars doth marshal, one by one,
 Upon their cars of flame,
 He hath pronounced thy name;
 Man's haughty glance may scorn thy noteless vest,
 But He—the Lord of all—doth love the lowly best.

Bright Maple, fresh with vernal showers,
 There are—that give us flowers
 Mov'd by the summer sun;
 There are—that shed their fruits in autumn-hours,
 And their painless work is done:
 But thou, for man dost ope thy veins,
 Pouring the life-blood that thy heart sustains,
 And still, as if ordain'd to be
 The blessed symbol of true charity,

Art first to throw
 Thy scarlet mantle on, the Spring to greet;
 And last and bravest stand to meet
 The frost-king, bursting from his cell,
 In tyranny to tell
 Garden and grove their time of hope is o'er,
 And the rich harvest of the year returneth never more.

Pale Willow, drooping low
 In gentle sympathy—
 Thy flexile branches wave
 Like broken harp-strings o'er the grave
 Where our lost treasures lie.
 Thanks for thy kindness in our time of woe;
 Early thou comest, and dost linger late,
 Believing in our low estate,
 We might have need of thee:
 Yes, we have need of thee,
 Thanks, tree of sympathy.

Oh! all ye works of God—
 Whether of lowliest leaf and stem,
 Proud robe, or princely diadem,
 Mosses, and nameless plants that prank the sod—
 Praise him in silent song, that angels hear,

Who, hovering round this earthly sphere,
Their censers from your blended incense fill;
All green and living things,
On every breezy hill,
Mountains, and lofty pines, and leafy plains,
Strike to the winds your trembling strings
In deep and solemn strains.
Let the frail grass-flowers bring
Their tribute to the Sire of all,
Who loveth them even as the cedar tall;
Deep unshorn forests, wrapped in solemn shade,
Swell the sweet song of praise—all that His hand hath
made.

SCENE AT SEA.

The ship with snowy wing sped on,
Like sea-bird's graceful flight,
And brave her country's flag stream'd out
On that still summer-night,—
No sound o'er all the blue expanse
Save her own rushing prow,
That made the proudest mountain surge
To her dominion bow.

Then meekly from her palace-halls
The regent Moon look'd down,
And threw aside the veiling cloud
That dimm'd her silver crown,
And caught each little leaping wave,
As it stole to midnight play,
And sign'd it with a cross of light
Before it fled away.

We on the deck had linger'd long
 In silence of the soul,
 Each billow bearing tender thought
 Upon its liquid scroll,
 When from the steerage, all at once
 Burst forth a passion cry:
 "Dead! are ye *dead*, mavourneen!
 O wherefore did ye die?"

It was a mother's wail, no doubt,—
 What other could it be
 That startled to a strange response,
 Even the un pitying sea,
 A mother wailing for her child
 Stretched out in silence there,
 The moonbeams quivering on his cheek,
 And in his lustrous hair.

"Had ye not food enough, my boy?
 A play-place 'mid the flowers,
 Was there not love enough for ye,
 In these gushing hearts of ours?
 Were ye not sailing on to see
 Green Ireland's blessed sky,
 The fairest isle in all this world?
 Oh! wherefore did ye die?"

The grandmother stands at her door,
 That cabin by the brook,
 She gazes long for us and ours
 With loving, earnest look;
 Her feet will hasten down the hill,
 The welcome in her eye,—
 Why need ye grieve her kind, old heart?
 Ah! wherefore did ye die?

She would have laid ye on her breast,
 And hushed ye as her own,
 And sung ye all those grand Erse songs,
 With loud, untiring tone;
 Yet what have we to bring her now,
 But coronach and tear?
 O hone! it was a cruel thing
 To die and leave us here."

We listened sadly, as the sobs
 Declined, or mounted higher,
 Like flashes of a flickering lamp,
 Reluctant to expire,
 For whosoe'er hath fondly knelt
 By her own babe to pray,
 Or sleepless watched when sickness stole
 Its cherished bloom away.

If e'er a mourning mother's grief
 Did break upon her ear,
 From hovel rude, or prison-cell,
 Or homeless wayside drear,
 Although disguised in foreign tongue
 May be those words of woe,
 Feels answering tear-drops in her soul
 Whether she will or no.

And when at last to troubled dreams
 I bow'd my weary head,
 Methought my far-off little ones
 Came trooping round my bed,
 But when I would have clasp'd them close
 Uprose a fearful cry—
 “Mavourneen! Oh, mavourneen!
 Why, darling, did ye die?”

Atlantic Ocean, August 10th, 1840.

JONAH.

Alone he sate in bitterness, the lids
Curtaining his downcast eyes, and o'er his breast
Sweeping his ample beard. Offended pride
Made turmoil in his spirit. He had been
To Nineveh, and cried with warning voice,
In forty days it should be overthrown.
But then that mighty city bow'd its head,
While king and people fasting, and with prayers
In sackcloth and in ashes mourn'd their sins,
And turning from their evil ways, besought
Forgiveness and remission.

He, who marks
From Heaven's high Throne, the sound of dropping
tears
Drawn from the depths of penitential woe,
Hearkened and pitied and repriev'd their doom.

Yet Jonah, fill'd with fierce displeasure, mused
 Upon his frustrate message, and conceived
 Himself dishonored. Reckless, on the earth
 He threw himself, alone.

The noontide sun
 Beat on his temples with a scorching heat,
 And turned the arid sands on which he gazed,
 To countless burning glasses. Sullenly
 He bore the anguish. Anger unto death,
 Was his demoniac choice.

“Take thou my life!
 For it is better, I should die than live.”

But He whose kind forbearance knows no bound,
 Threw o'er his head a sheltering tree, and bade
 The breezy murmur of its broad, green leaves
 Assuage his grief. And then he saw it die,
 Smit by the siroch's blasting breath, a worm
 Gnawing its root.

Oh, Prophet!—we like thee,
 Are oft instructed by our withering gourds,
 And by our lapses to contrition led.
 Even if we flee to Tarshish, when God calls
 To sacred duty elsewhere, and deplore
 'Mid the deep suffering of our recreant course,

That earth with all her prison-bars is shut
Around us evermore, He hath a way
Of bringing back his banish'd ones to learn
Full reconcilment to the Will Divine.

KING OF THE DAYS.

“Call the Sabbath a delight,—the holy of the Lord,—honorable.”

ISAIAH.

All hail, thou king of days!
Thy subjects bow the knee,
Their vow of loyalty they raise,
God hath anointed thee!
Above thy brethren six,
A proud and princely train,
Each with his coronet of power
He calls thee forth to reign.

I see thee on thy throne,
The crown upon thy brow,
The good, the pious and the wise
In glad allegiance bow,

I hear thy state proclaimed
By priest and chanting choir,
By chimes from high cathedral tower,
And bells from village spire.

Thou hast a boon of rest
For those whom care hath bow'd,
A solace for the wounded breast,
A rainbow on the cloud,
A cordial for the faint,
A fold for those who stray.
Thy sceptre sheds the balm of heaven
On all who own its sway.

INDIANS AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Where Mount Vernon's sacred shadows
Floating o'er the fair Potomac,
Mark the Mecca of the nations,
And the gliding boats that pass it,
With the tolling of their heart-bells,*
Speak the homage of the waters
To the Father of his Country,
Thither once, in slow procession,
Came the children of the forest,
They whose ancestors were rulers
Of the realm that we inhabit.

* The steamers that ply on the Potomac observe the beautiful custom of tolling their bells while passing Mount Vernon.

Thither came the braves and chieftains
 Of the Aricarees (the Bee-struck,)
 Of the Sioux, and the Mandans,
 Of the Yanotous and Sansares,
 From the land of the Dacotah,
 Stretching with its flowery prairies
 Where the far Missouri wanders
 And with turbid current reddens
 The clear river where it mingles.
 To that solemn delegation
 From the tribes of forest-people,
 Spake the pale-faced friend* who led then
 In whose guardianship they trusted,
 Told them how their first, great Father,
 Washington, the brave and glorious,
 Whom the Manitto permitted
 His young country's foes to vanquish,
 He, who loved his red-brow'd children,
 When the toils of war were over,
 Dwelt in peace 'neath yonder roof-tree,
 Sow'd the corn, and reap'd the wheat-sheaf,

* A. H. Redfield, Esq., under whose charge this deputation from the tribes
 visited Mount Vernon, and in whom they seemed to confide with grateful regard.

And when all his days were number'd,
 Slumber'd in that tomb beside them,
 While the earth stood up to praise him.

Listening, fix'd as bronzed statues,
 Every glowing word they treasured
 In the silence of their spirits.
 And responsive as the Pine-Tree
 Answereth to the blast of Autumn,
 All, with one accord uplifted,
 Loud as thunder 'mid the mountains,
 Their high song of praise and honor
 To the dauntless Chief who conquer'd
 All the proud, embattled forces,
 That like lions bent on slaughter
 Strove to desolate his Country.

Then they paus'd and changed their manner,
 Bowing down their heads and weeping,
 Round the tomb more closely gathering,
 Pour'd a solemn dirge of sorrow,
 So prolong'd and so despairing,
 That the very birds who heard it,
 Lingering 'mid the nested branches,
 Closed their wing and caught the cadence.

Mournful 'mid that hallowed scenery,
Sighing o'er the funeral cypress,
Rose that wild and deep lamenting
Of the downcast forest-dwellers,
Like forsaken children, wailing
Hopeless o'er a buried father.

A WALK BY THE OCEAN.

Hail, Ocean wide! with surging tide
That round the light-house breaks,
In conflict with yon frowning rock,
That fierce rejoinder makes,
In conflict with the shrinking shore
O'er which, with blinding spray,
Thou hurl'st the shell and sea-weed back
In cold, contemptuous play,

What dost thou say?—I own thy sway
As thy deep thunders roll,
And listen to thy solemn lore
With subjugated soul.
But Ocean's tide, with scorn replied,
“Be silent—go thy way;
I hold no fellowship with those
The born of earth and clay.

" With ships they aim my power to tame
 I toss them to and fro
 I break their navies like a reed,
 Down to my depths they go.
 Hence!—speed thy way!—lest wild with spray
 Some billow seek the shore,
 And lightly sweep thy wandering feet
 Whence they return no more."

Oh, thou most proud! whose menace loud
 Would bid the world take heed,
 God rules thee, with His line of sand,
 Like an o'ermastered steed,
 And as a felon from his doom
 Shalt thou recoil with dread,
 At the strong Angel's mighty voice,
 "Thou, Sea! give up thy dead."

Then opening wide thy casket's pride,
 Shalt thou its prey restore,
 The beauty and the wealth of earth
 From rifled heart and shore,
 And yearning o'er the spoils that long
 Lock'd in thy bosom lay,
 Shalt feel beneath a weight of shame
 Thy life-tide ebb away.

THE SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

A woman by the wayside ask'd for alms,*
A poor, old woman.

As she stretch'd her hand,
Shrivell'd and bony, to recieve the dole,
A smart, young sailor pass'd.

Quick from his pouch
Silver and gold he drew. "Take these," he said.
"Oh, sir, you are too good—too good, indeed,
To me a stranger.—So it was with him
Who went to sea. Whate'er he had, he gave,
My son, poor George, who went to sea and died."

* This incident took place in Philadelphia, at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.

Back came the man.

“Are you the one I sought?
Look at me, *mother!*”

Then, a wildering cry
Burst from those aged lips, for well she knew,
'Mid all the change of years, the clear, blue eye
That charm'd her waking from its cradle sleep,
Like violet bright with dew.

She would have fallen,
But the strong arm of that supporting son
Was round her thrown, and his caressing words
Assur'd her, as they sought their humble home,
To turn its squalid penury to joy.

THE COTTAGE ALTAR.

Where stretch the green and pleasant vales,
 'Neath Cheviot's rugged side,
Delighted, to their lowly home
 A Cotter led his bride,
And gently in her ear he said,
 Before the hour of rest,
"We'll rear an altar here to Him
 Who thus our love hath blest."

So there, at every rising morn,
 And evening's peaceful shade,
The incense of their blended hearts
 In holy trust was laid ;
And when the wee things swell'd their group,
 They brought them to the place,
Each with its little, folded hands,
 And grave, attentive face.

Then, as the years, like dreams, swept by,
 To sheep those lambkins grown,
 Where other Scottish streamlets flow'd
 Sought pastures of their own,
 Yet duly still, in worship led
 That shepherd of the fold,
 As in his earliest home had done
 His white-hair'd sire of old.

But who the mournful change can tell
 When from that pleasant door
 The faithful partner of his youth
 Pass'd—to return no more ?
 Still, from a lone and chasten'd soul
 Arose the prayer of yore,
 And night and morn that quivering voice
 The quaint psalm-tune upbore ;

While faces of the far away
 Seem'd near, with features fair,
 And memories of the loved and lost,
 Like angels, hover'd there :
 So with the praise and love of Him,
 Who erst on Calvary died,
 The old man's heart grew warm and glad
 That cottage-shrine beside.

AN ARAB FABLE.

Once in his shop a workman wrought
With languid hand, and listless thought,
When through the open window's space
Behold!—a Camel thrust his face.
“My nose is cold,” he meekly cried,
“Oh, let me warm it by thy side.”

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose,— in came the head,—
As sure as sermon follows text
The long, excursive neck came next,
And then, as falls the threatening storm
In leap'd the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
 And on the rude invader frown'd,
 Convinc'd as closer still he prest,
 There was no room for such a guest,
 Yet more astonish'd, heard him say,
 "If incommoded, go your way,
 For in this place I choose to stay."

Oh, youthful hearts, to gladness born,
 Treat not this Arab lore with scorn.
 To evil habit's earliest wile
 Lend neither ear, nor glance, nor smile,—
 Choke the dark fountain ere it flows,
 Nor even admit the *Camel's Nose*.*

* To illustrate the danger of the first approach of evil habit, the Arabs have a proverb, "*Beware of the Camel's nose.*"

TALK WITH THE DEPARTED.

The Vine-tree o'er our trellis,
Hath twined a graceful screen,
And draped thy favorite casement
In purple blent with green,
But now, autumnal saffron
Doth, round each leaflet run,
And we gather in the clusters,
Dost know it, Oh my Son ?

There's a bridal 'neath our roof-tree,
The deathless chain is wove,
And the benediction utter'd
By one whom God doth love,
And a gentle creature bendeth
Like lily in its sphere,
While thronging friends surround her
With smile and word of cheer.

Draw near that charmed circle
 Look in her eyes of blue,
 Gazed they not into thine with love
 When cloudless life was new?
 And lighter than the young gazelle
 And playful as the fawn,
 Roam'd not those fairy feet with thine
 Thy father's velvet lawn?

Press closer,—hear the beating
 Of that bosom pure as snow
 That stirs the orange-blossom
 And the veil with silvery flow,
 Slept she not in thy cradle?
 Your twin-souls link'd as one?
 Is she thine only sister?
 Dost know her, Oh my Son!

Unfold thy viewless pinion
 Clasp her in strong embrace,
 The darling of our household,
 The last of all my race,
 Give her a brother's greeting,
 A greeting fond and true,
 Thou wert her dearest idol
 When cloudless life was new.

She from a widowed hearth-stone
 Returnless flight doth take
 And for her priestly husband
 A happy home will make,
 Yes, a happy home she'll make him
 Where'er may be their rest,
 For a holy, dovelike sweetness
 Is the temper of her breast.

There's one who museth lonely
 In the chamber where of old
 She watch'd thy childhood sleeping
 On the snowy pillow's fold,
 She hath given the bride her blessing,
 A blessing nobly won.
 And none are left to love her,
 Dust know it, Oh my Son?

Why question thus the spirit?
 Upon its unknown way,
 That robed in mystery, holds no more
 Affintiy with clay,
 Affinity with sorrow,
 With the bitter tear that flows,
 With the failing of the fountain
 With the fading of the rose.

Why question thus the spirit ?
From mortal ties set free?
It speaks no dialect of earth,
It will not answer thee,
Cling to the faith of Jesus,
Hold to the Glorious Head
That binds in one communion sweet,
The living and the dead.

SERVICE WITHOUT A CHURCH.

“I saw no Temple there.”—REVELATIONS.

There was no temple,* but Jehovah's praise
Went up from glowing lips.

Turret nor spire
Flecker'd the landscape, 'mid the solitude
Of that young settlement, yet rose the voice
Of prelate and of people, reverently
Ascribing glory to the Lord of Hosts.
Unswell'd by organ, came the chanted strain,
While thro' the solemn groves the bending trees
Like silent students learned the words of prayer.

* Divine worship without a church was celebrated amid an attentive congregation. by Right Rev. Bishop Lee, in the parish of Gethsemane, Iowa.

Nature doth love the worship of her Sire,
 And aid it with her innate harmonies,
 Her dews baptismal and the clear response
 Of brooklet, and of bird. But Man, who walks
 Through the world's tortuous passages, doth need
 The sound of church-bell, and the majesty
 Of consecrated courts to call him back
 From his week's vassalage.

So, give them rank

Amid the benefactors of their race
 Whose pious hearts incite them to uprear
 The hallow'd fane, and beautify the shrine
 Where meek Devotion tastes the holy joy
 That is her birth-right in the life to come.

THE FIRST ARBUTUS.

Young footsteps in the forest!
Young hands amid the snows
That in her fickleness of mood
The petted April throws;
For some lost gem or jewel
Thus earnest do they seek,
Through fallen leaves, with head bow'd low,
And brightly flushing cheek?

A shout amid the forest!
A ringing voice of cheer,
The brooding robin on her nest,
Starts at the echo clear,
“*Eureka!*”—Bless the victor,
Who from yon tangled bower
Bears forth triumphant to her friends
The first *arbutus* flower.

Yes, she the first arbutus
 Hath drawn from vernal shade,
 That by its lavishness of sweets
 Its hiding-place betray'd.
 Ah, maiden! there's an augury,
 Guard well thy guileless heart,
 And on through this portentous year
 Beware of Cupid's dart.

Oh, flower of wondrous fragrance,
 Dear herald of the spring,
 That earliest to our pilgrim-sires
 Didst Nature's welcome bring,
 Smile on their care-worn faces
 Mid Plymouth's frost-bound brake,
 And whisper to their stranger-hearts
 As though an angel spake.

Thanks to His boundless goodness,
 Who pours such radiant hue
 Upon the wild-wood children
 Of sunbeam and of dew,
 And bids their joy of beauty
 Instruct our souls to soar,
 Where joy hath immortality,
 And beauty fades no more.

REQUIEM FOR THE BRAVE.

Rest, Soldier, rest!—thy country comes,
With tender love and true,
Freely to deck thine honor'd bed
Her banner oe'r its turf to spread,
And on thy monument to shed
Fond memory's pearly dew.

For at her need, in days of yore,
Unswerving and sublime,
Thy fearless foot 'mid lightnings trod
Thy life-blood fed the encrimson'd sod
Thy prayer invoked the avenging God
To guard thy native clime.

Rest, Patriot, rest!—yet cast behind
Thy mantle from the sky,
The pure, unselfish, heavenward aim,
Unbow'd by gold, unbought by fame,
Content for freedom's glorious claim
To toil, and dare, and die.

Yes—leave it for our rising race,
Soldier and patriot brave,
That in all time of strife or wrong,
They to their country's ark may throng,
And, in Jehovah's armor strong,
Her life—her union save!

THE MOTHER OF ALL.

I saw the men of vigor
In all their lordly prime,
Who with unquell'd ambition ruled
The dynasties of time,
Around this girdled planet
They sped the steeds of fire,
And bade impervious thought go forth
Upon the electric wire.

Years fled—and in their places
A decimated band,
Stood with the snow-flake on their brow,
The staff in trembling hand,
And as the noteless billow
Meets the absorbing main,
That generation passed away
Not to return again.

The cradle,—and the play-ground !

I hear a merry shout,
 And faces like the budding rose
 Through woven shades peer out,
 But as the vision fleeteth
 When morning sleep is o'er
 This generation soon shall swell
 The myriads gone before.

The patriarchs, who by centuries
 Their date of being told,
 Fell like the mighty oaks at last
 'Mid sepulchers of old,
 Thebes and Palmyra vanish'd
 With all their pomp and state,
 And dead amid the desert sands
 Lies Babylon the great.

Yet Earth to all her races
 Unchanging bounty shows
 Transmutes the planted seed to bread,
 And lulls in deep repose
 On the soft pillow of her breast
 When pierc'd by death they fall,
 Kind mother ! of unnumber'd sons
 She feeds and cares for all.

WORDS.

Summer hath come, Oh friend of many years,
And here, upon the bright Patapsco's banks
Giveth her fervent lesson. The rich vines
Seem scarcely able to sustain the weight
And riot of their tendrils, while the trees
Unfold their scroll-like foliage, for the Sun
To write with pencil of his noontide ray
The name of Him who made them. Evening brings
The balmy breeze to soothe the weary nerve,
And bless the student ere he goes to rest,
Taking the picture of this glorious world
Into his dreams.

The words that Summer speaks
Make impress like a lover's dialect,

Sweeping away the fainter harmonies
 Of timid Spring. Brown Autumn's reaper-hand
 Perchance may bear us like the sickled grain
 From earth's sweet fields away. And if he should,
 Who will remember us a longer time
 Than the faint rustle of the fallen leaf
 That floats along?

Each season hath its speech,
 And lore of Heaven, and he who heeds them well
 Shall sit at Nature's feet and touch His hand
 Who call'd her out of chaos. Man doth speak
 In many languages, but still his words
 Turn to thin air, their natural element.
 The music strain born on the singer's lip
 Or organ's chord, thrilleth the listener's soul
 A moment, and is gone.

The mighty voice
 Of the great Orator that rules the throng,
 Dies with the cadence of his glowing thought;
 Dies, like the acorn, that the oak may grow
 And wear its crown centennial. Deathless deeds
 That shake the globe, were born of tiny words,
 Like cradled moonbeams.

Man's most high resolves
 May spring from accents that a mother speaks

Unto her nursling, taking precedence
Of lordlier teachers.

Oh, ye fleeting words,
We fear ye.—For your ministries do live
And have a being when this body sinks
To its last sleep in dust. Ye seem to die
Upon the idler's lip and leave no sign
Save perishable sound ; but ye arise,
Arise,—when the strong Ángel blows his trump,
And take your place 'mid summon'd deeds and thoughts
To bear strict witness at the Judgment Day.

THE UNDAUNTED.*

The good ship toward a tropic shore
Pursues her prosperous course,
But hidden rocks in ambush lie,
She strikes with fatal force—
She strikes! she groans! With wounded heart
O'er the dark flood she reels,
And ruin, like the bolt of heaven,
Her doom forever seals.

* The English steamer Birkenhead, bound to Africa, struck on a reef at noonday, and went down in half an hour. She had a regiment of troops on board, who were summoned to the upper deck by the roll of the drum. They saw the boats filled with passengers, women and children, placed under the care of sailors, but that none remained for them. Yet so perfect was their discipline, and concurrence in the protection of the helpless, that calmly and without a murmur, standing shoulder to shoulder they fired a farewell volley, and sank to their ocean grave.

“Down with the boats!” The master’s voice
 Assumes resistless power.
 For manhood hath a godlike might
 To rule in peril’s hour,—
 They meet the wave, they take their freight—
 Woman and helpless child
 With hardy sailors at the helm
 They dare the breakers wild.

The deep drum rolls, and on the deck
 Come forth a martial band,
 Who hoped their country’s cause to serve
 Upon a foreign strand,
 They hear the loud reveille beat,
 But not for battle fray,
 And stand the last dread foe to meet
 In resolute array.

No boats for them! The raging sea
 The swimmer’s power defies,
 Shoulder to shoulder, on the wreck,
 In marshall’d ranks they rise.
No boats for them! A silent prayer
 Is in their lifted eye,
 They ne’er had blench’d when duty call’d,
 And now it calls *to die*.

Firm phalanx of unswerving men,
 Your work on earth is o'er,
 The trumpet and the clarion-cry
 Shall thrill your breasts no more ;
 Ye thought Old England's flag to bear
 In triumph o'er her foes,
 But the banner of the crested deep
 Must wrap your last repose.

Oh, gallant band ! from far-off homes
 I hear a wailing strain,
 Mother and wife and child await
 Your coming—but in vain ;
 One brief adieu ! then turn to Him
 Who trod the raging sea,
 Whose power can save the parting soul
 And give it victory.

A flash amid the summer air,
 An echo on the wave,
 And loud that booming volley spoke
 The farewell of the brave,
 While from the ready, trusting soul
 As husk from ripen'd sheaf
 Pass'd off the dreams and cares of earth,
 Pass'd off its love and grief.

Down, down—each moment lower still,
Hand knit in hand, they bore—
Their black plumes mid the tossing foam
Loom'd up—and all was o'er,
All o'er! save that one mountain surge
Like tyrant cleft the tide,
Uplifting with a thunder-voice
Its boast of wrath and pride ;

While deeper sigh'd the solemn sea,
As o'er the reef she breaks,
Deploring with a grief profound
The many wrecks she makes—
For though o'er many an argosy
Her whelming billows swept,
Naught nobler than those British hearts
In her cold bosom slept.

ACCEPTANCE OF AN INVITATION

TO THE BI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT
OF NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

We thank thee, our Mother, how sweet is thy voice
At thy kind invitation thy children rejoice,
We accept—we will come, wheresoever we rove,
And wreath round thy birth-day, our honor and love,
From city or hamlet, from hill-top, or wold
Where the wheat harvest waves, or the sheaf turns to
gold,
From mountain or prairie, by land or by sea,
We respond to thy call and come flocking to thee.

We love thee, we love thee, thy smile like a star
 Hath gleam'd in our skies, tho' our homes were afar,
 We have garnered those charms and attractions that flung
 A spell o'er our souls when existence was young,
 The sparkle of Yantic—the foam of its fall,
 The munition of rocks towering boldly o'er all,
 The sigh of thy forests, the song of thy streams
 Have hung on our lips and enchanted our dreams.

We would see if the haunts where in childhood we
 play'd,
 Are still with the wild rose, and laurel array'd,
 If arbutus and woodbine are clustering as fair
 As when in our school-days we gathered them there,
 We would visit the scenes where our forefathers grew,
 The simple, the just, patriotic and true,
 We would kneel by their bed where the willow-trees
 wave,
 With praise to our God for the pattern they gave.

May we come with our younglings and show them thy
 face?
 And hear them exult in thy beauty and grace?
 'Twould delight them all greatly, but yet we've a care
 Lest the crowd should be more than convenience could
 bear,

We know that of yore, 'mid thy virtues and fame
 Was a large hospitality, always the same,
 But we've grown such a troop since we wandered away
 Hast thou room, dearest Mother? speak frankly we pray.

Wilt thou ask thy red* neighbors to come to the treat?
 And bid them a welcome, and give them a seat?
 In the old times of danger they stood for our aid,
 The dust of their kings in our borders is laid;
 I know there are some of the good and the great,
 Who remember them still in their lowly estate,
 The Church and the Mission, are proofs of their love,
 God bless them,—their deeds are recorded above.

Time writes on thine offspring the lines of decay,
 And sprinkles the tress and the temple with gray,
 And she who her cradlings bends faithfully o'er,
 Finds the wrinkle steal on, where the bloom was before,

* The remnant of the Mohegan tribe of Indians, reside on their own reserved lands, a few miles from Norwich, Conn. The Burial Ground of their kings is within the limits of that city, and contains a fine monument to Uncas, the friend of the whites. A neat Church, a School and a Missionary station among them, attest the perseverance of christian benevolence. They were invited to this celebration, in October, 1859, walked in the procession and received the entertainment and attention which were due to the descendants of the original lords of the soil. It was pleasant to observe their propriety and refinement of manner, and to hear their melodious voices uplifted in sacred hymns, when after an elegant repast on the grounds of their generous patron, Gen. Williams, they arose and formed a circle around their spiritual teacher.

But thou from such marks of declension art free,
For age brings new vigor and beauty to thee,
More blest than the mothers who press to thy fold,
Thou renewest thy youth tho' thy children grow old.

AN INCIDENT OF 1775.*

A gathering in Virginia's vales,
Mid summer's velvet green,
Where fair Potomac sparkling flows
Its fringed banks between,
For echoes from New England's hills
Of strife and danger came,
And HENRY's eloquence had stirr'd
Men's souls like living flame.

Then from the throng, with patriot zeal,
Stood forth a noble band,
Twice sixty dauntless volunteers
Enlisted heart and hand,
Theirs was no prompting thirst of fame,
Of glittering gold no greed,
"*For Massachusetts!*" was the cry,
"*For Boston!*" in her need.

* A fact derived from a speech delivered in Congress, January 25th, 1860, by Hon. Alexander R. Boteler, of Virginia.

But each to each a sacred vow
 Made mid the parting pain,
 When fifty years away had sped
 To seek that spot again;
 Those whom the shaft of Death might spare,
 Beneath yon oak tree's shade,
 Should meet beside the diamond spring—
 Such solemn tryste they made.

Oh! there was sorrow 'neath the roof
 Of many a household tent,
 And burning tears fell thick and fast
 When from their homes they went;
 But to their little ones they said,
 And bade them well take heed,
*"Heaven will not smile on those who fail
 To help their brothers' need."*

Hundreds of miles, o'er rock and stone,
 Through forests' thorny breast,
 O'er bridgeless streams, o'er trackless wilds,
 With patient toil they prest,
 While ever in their secret soul
 Gleam'd an unfaltering creed,
 Like pole-star of their weary course,
"To help our brothers' need."

The king of men, oppress'd with care,
 Rode forth at closing day,
 And saw Virginia's armed host
 Approach in firm array,
 And knew the bearing of their chief,
 Who, on the fatal plain,
 Had fought with him by Braddock's side
 When blood fell down like rain.

Then leaping from his lofty steed,
 He clasp'd him to his breast,
 And, one by one, each soldier's hand
 With greeting fervor prest ;
 Why was the eye of Washington
 Suffused with gushing tear ?
 Why heav'd that hero's heart so high
 That never throbb'd with fear ?

He felt God's blessing in the love
 Of that fraternal band,
 He mark'd the triumph through the gloom
 That wrapp'd an infant land ;
 Perchance, with his prophetic glance
 Who erst on Nebo stood,
 Beheld a glorious realm unfold
 Like rainbow o'er the flood.

Years roll'd away and lustrums fled,
 And half a century closed
 Its cycle, and, with swanlike dirge,
 'Mid ages past reposed ;
 But true to their remembered tryste,
 Potomac's veterans drew
 Where by the oak-tree's gnarled roots,
 The spring fresh crystals threw.

They came—but *not* twice sixty men,
 In martial vigor bold,
 For some their bleaching bones had laid
 On Northern hillocks cold.
 They came. *Who came?* Three aged forms,
 By time and changes bow'd ;
 Yet was no winter in their heart,
 Though snows their temples shroud.

For power and wealth and honor blest
 The country of their birth,
 Who proudly reared her starry crest
 Among the Queens of Earth ;
 And warmly rose their patriot prayer
 That long her sacred Ark,
 Immaculate, and angel-steer'd,
 Might ride the billows dark.

THE WEATHER.

What a convenient thing the weather is,
For paucity of thought. How it helps out
All social intercourse. What would become
Of the fast talkers, when the daily news
Grows stale and stagnant, were it not for this?
But most of all, it is the life and breath
Of ceremonious calls.

“’Tis very warm,”
And every one responds—“How warm it is!”
Then straightway every hearer wipes his brow,
Feeling the heat still more. ’Tis something tho’
To find a subject on which all agree,
And hush the antagonistic spirit down
In sweet consent.

One from the country comes
 To the Great Empire City. He would fain
 Call on a dame of fashion, whom he knew
 In other times. Donning his best he mounts
 The lofty steps, and rings the silver bell
 With a good courage. Rustling silks are heard,—
 Oh! what on earth has he to say to her,
 Who in these halls of marble, paint and gold,
 Dwells like a queen? A happy thought unbinds
 His wrinkling brow.

“Ma’am, ’tis exceeding cold.”

To this grave truth, she gracefully assents.
 —“They say there’s never been such weather known
 Since one cold Friday, fifty year ago,
 When every thing froze up. You can, perhaps,
 Remember it.”

“I’ve not that honor, Sir,—
 My memory don’t extend to what took place
 Ere I was born!”

There was a thought too much
 About the weather, friend.—But back he comes,
 New horsed, and blundering, to the charge again.
 —“’Twas hot last summer, Ma’am—uncommon hot,
 Even in the country. I should think that here,
 Among these tall, brick housen, it would seem

Some like an air-tight stove. May-be you like
Warm weather, Ma'am."

"We spend the summer months
At some cool watering-place."

A solid pause!

What's to be done ?

"Do you ride out much, Ma'am,
In pleasant weather ?"

"No. Broadway's so block'd
With piles of snow, my husband will not let
The coachman drive there, and 'tis very dull
In the back streets."

"I guess I see a storm,
Not far ahead. For such a day as this
Will prove a weather-breeder. I must be
A getting home, before another raft
Of blinding snow, to clog the railroads up.
Excuse so short a call. Good morning, Ma'am."
And forth he rushes to the clear, cold air,
Blessing the weather that had help'd him out
Of his dilemma, in Fifth Avenue.
But as for us, who do not need such help,
Methinks this hackney'd theme predominates
More than is fitting, and we might as well
Make ourselves weather-cocks, and perch our thoughts

On some sharp steeple's point. The rain, the hail,
 The snow, the vapor and the veering wind,
 Absorb their intercourse, who might, perchance,
 From this great habitable globe, cull out
 Some speech or knowledge, of its Makers skill.
 Let's have a *weather-class*, who shall not talk
 About the weather, but by certain rules
 And regulations, which we state herewith.
 —First, having said concisely as we can,
 What weather 'tis to-day, we will not trace
 Its history through the past, or predicate
 Its far-off future.

Second,—Time thus saved
 Shall be disposed of on the following terms :
 Item, a word about some useful book ;
 Some way of doing good ; a word or two
 To gird the youthful mind in duty's path,
 To cheer the aged pilgrim on his course,
 To balm the bleeding heart with sympathy ;
 A word or two of patriotic love
 For our whole blessed Country, and of praise
 To Him who holds it in His guiding hand :
 So shall a moiety of the weather's claims
 Like cast-off garments, mended for the poor,
 Cheer others, and ourselves.

EXCURSION ON THE CONNECTICUT.

Oh my own River! fair and free,
That from thy highland source
To glorious wedlock with the sea
Dost hold thy graceful course,
The meadows love thee, thick with corn,
The plants that fringe thy side,
And the tall trees that stretch their roots
In secret to thy tide,

The wandering bushes sharp with thorns
That in thy copses grow,
So soon for berries ripe to change
Their blossoms white as snow,
The grass flowers, and the golden rods
Still hoarding pearls of dew,
Gentians and lupines richly crown'd
With gems of sapphire hue,

While here and there, mid vallies cool
Set deep in frames of green
The farmers' cottage homes peer out,
Embowering shades between,
And there, remote from pomp and care
That waste our city time,
And strongly mark the faded brow
With wrinkles ere its prime,

They sow, they reap, their garner fill,
A healthful offspring rear,
The labor guards their hearts from sin,
And Nature gives them cheer,
She keeps them in her gentle school
Till lifes sweet studies o'er,
From peace below, to bliss above,
Those well-trained scholars soar.

BIRTHDAY OF THE POET LONGFELLOW.

Do you ask me, College-Student,
Poring o'er historic annals,
What event this day recordeth
In the past, or in the present,
To commend it to the future
Lifting it above its fellows,
Making its remembrance famous
As a point of observation?
Was it battle, or invention
Confiscation,—revolution,
Birth of king, or death of hero?
None of these, my bright-eyed student,
Something better, something dearer.

Take your place upon the railroad
Notwithstanding all the snow-drifts,
Christmas snow-drifts still unmelted,
Which have chained indignant travelers,
All night long in Greenland caverns,—
Take your seat within the rail-train
Notwithstanding all the hindrance
All the peril and disaster
That the people have encountered
In this tightest of all winters,
Winter that hath conquer'd steam-craft,
Held the lecturer from his audience,
Stamping their impatient boot-heels,
Split the water pipes and cisterns,
Plagued the house-maid and the brake-men
Maimed the iron-steed and driver,
Iciest winter, most unthawing,
That our oldest man remembers,
Man of ninety years remembers,—
Yet climb boldly to the rail-car
Having promptly paid your ticket,
Closer wrap your cloak and venture
Onward, to the north of Boston,
Where the Casco's silvery current
Weddeth nobly with the Ocean.

Ask your question there of Casco,
 And if that fair Bay reply not,
 Onward press, and ask the Mountains,
 Guarding with reflective foreheads
 Maine, our most northeastern sister,
 Ask, and from their breezy tree-tops,
 Groves of oak and pine and hemlock
 Where the axe-men get their timber
 Timber that in ships and schooners
 Goes to visit all creation,
 Murmuring through their breezy tree-tops,
 Will those solemn mountain's answer,—
 He, whom ancient Harvard loveth,
 He, whom grey-hair'd Europe honors
 He, who struck the lyre of Orpheus,
 Won the lore of many nations
 Bow'd the stiff-back'd Runic legends
 Into Anglo-Saxon metre,
 Sang the "skeleton in armor,"
 Snatch'd the Norsemens mystic tower
 On the pleasant isle of Newport
 From the winnowing of the wind-mill,
 Slanders of the cotton-spinner,
 Sang Evangeline the tender,
 Hiawatha, Hiawatha,

On this day appear'd among us
 Dawn'd like tuneful star upon us.

They will answer, they will tell you,
 He is ours, and we'll maintain it,
 Will not leave the matter doubtful
 Like the seven bewildered cities,
 Sparring for the sightless Homer,
 We will fight if it be needful,
 Fight with every crested hill-top,
 That would rival our pretensions,
 With New Hampshire's white-capp'd lordlings,
 With Vermont's green knights in armor,
 Old Wachuset, old Monadnock,
 Even, the princely Alleghanies,
 And the rocky chiefs of Mexic,
 Cordilleras, Cotopaxi,
 Popocatapetl, also,
 Should they bar our just pretensions.
 Yes, we'll fight with swords and lances
 Splinter'd from our granite boulders,
 Or with rifles and revolvers,
 Forg'd within our secret caverns
 By the smoldering fires we wot of.

Then they bent their heads together,
 And I heard those mountains counting
 Sharply as at bankers' table
 Warily, like board of brokers,
 **Seven times seven*,—aye,—that's his number
 Number of the years he's measured,
 Three times nine of February,
 That's the day he came among us,
 Dawn'd like tuneful star upon us.
 Don't forget the date or number,
 Grave them on your peaks with lightning,
 Don't omit to buy his portrait,
 Fold the rainbow round the figures,
 Round the figures, and the portrait,
 Keep them as a joy forever.

*Written Feb. 27, 1856.

CALIFORNIA.

Land of gold!—thy sisters greet thee,
O'er the mountain and the main;
See—they stretch the hand to meet thee
Youngest of our household train.

Many a form their love hath foster'd
Lingers 'neath thy sunny sky,
And their spirit-tokens brighten
Every link of sympathy.

We, 'mid storms of war were cradled
'Mid the shock of angry foes;
Thou, with sudden, dream-like splendor,
Pallas-born,—in vigor rose.

Children of one common country,
Strong in friendship let us stand,
With united ardor earning
Glory for our Mother Land.

They of gold, and they of iron,
They who reap the bearded wheat,
They who rear the snowy cotton,
Pour their treasures at her feet ;

While with smiling exultation,
She, who marks their filial part,
Like the mother of the Gracchi,
Folds her jewels to her heart.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

How full thou art of memories,—sever'd tress!
Back at thy talismanic touch return
A merry face through clustered ringlets peeping,
Two ivory arms twined round the mother's neck,
Two little dancing feet among the flowers;
And then, a school-girl, with her many books,
And hour-glass, measuring the piano's duties,
Studious and patient, even to pensiveness;
And then, a fair young creature, full of grace,
Pamper'd with flatteries that beauty brings,
The thrill of pleasure brightening on her cheek;
And next a ray of heavenly light reveals
A sweet disciple at her Saviour's feet
Choosing the better part.

And then, I heard
 The vow that on the trembling maiden's lip,
 Sows life's young path with all those hallow'd loves
 Which death alone transplants.

When next we met,
 The white camelia, and the winter rose,
 Lay on her bosom, and the lustrous hair
 Was parted o'er her forehead, but the hand
 Returned no pressure, and a sad-toned bell
 Bade those who loved her, come and look their last
 On those calm features.

Still, another change!
 The curtain from her couch of earth was drawn
 To place a new-born infant by her side,
 Content to linger but a little while
 Behind his youthful mother.

In rude haste
 The Reaper's scythe amid her virtues wrought
 Ere their expanding blossoms might mature
 Their heaven-entrusted essence. But the soul
 Of tender piety, of pure resolve
 In others, happiness to seek its own,
 Finds space to ripen its perfected fruit
 'Neath the refulgence of congenial skies.

MEETING OF THE CANNON-BALLS.

In the historical department of curiosities, at the palace of Berlin, are two large cannon balls, with their sides flattened, which, having been fired by opposing forces at the siege of Magdeburg, met on the way, and had their battle in the air.

From Magdeburg's beleagured walls
A vengeful cannon spoke,—
And at its will an envoy went
Enrobed in volumed smoke,

While from the fierce besieging host
At the same moment came
Another herald, hot with haste,
And wing'd by rushing flame :

They met midway with thundering shock,
 Their rotund forms they spoil'd,
 The hatred they for others bore,
 On their own heads recoil'd.

"Let's drop our purpose," each to each
 In hissing accents cried,—
 "We've hurt each other quite enough
 To hurt none else beside."

So down discomfited they sank,
 With hoarsely muttering sound,
 And in their paroxysms of pain
 Tore up the yielding ground.

And now, embalm'd in state they lie,
 And to the people say,
 Tho' loud may swell the victor-cry
 Their blood the cost must pay.

Theirs is the crushing weight of war,*
 They die without a name,—
 And perish 'neath oblivion's flood
 To build one hero's fame.

* "War is a game, that were the people wise,
 Kings would not play at." COWPER.

Oh, might some angel from the skies
The hearts of men dispose
No more in this short dream of life
To meet as deadly foes.

DEFEND US LORD.

Defend us, Lord, the night hath come,
Draw angel-guards around our home,
For sinful man in crime grows bold,
And lynx-eyed robbers prowl for gold ;
Save us from violence and wrong,
For we are weak, and thou art strong.

Defend us, Lord, our utmost power
Avails not at the midnight hour,
For helpless, while in dreams we lie,
Devouring flames may light the sky,
Or dark-winged pestilence invade,
And dearest treasures fleet and fade.

Defend us, Lord, when morning's ray
Leads on the changes of the day,
Preserve us from temptation free,
And let our faith rejoice in thee,
Convinced that all thy ways are kind,
And thou art wise, though we are blind.

Defend us, Lord, from tyrant care,
Whose wrinkling livery we wear,
And bid our thoughtful pity glow,
To cheer the sons of want and woe
With friendly deeds and loving speech
To all our Saviour came to teach.

Defend us, Lord, to thee we cling,
Thou art our Father and our King,
From the first feeble cry of birth,
Thy hand hath led us o'er the earth ;
So guide us till our latest sigh,
And take us to thy home on high.

DEATH-SONG OF THE ORGAN.

At the conflagration of a Church in Montreal, the strong draught caused by the flames, acting on the pipes of the organ, called forth musical sounds, and it fell, playing its own dirge.

Fire! Fire! Fire!

Hoarse was the midnight cry,
And up the startled sleepers sprang
To see the reddening sky,

To see their sacred Church,
Buttress, and tower, and spire,
Stand like a mass of living flame,
A martyr 'mid the pyre.

Herculean strength and zeal
Inspired the gathered train,
And high the gushing waters threw
Their quenching streams in vain.

Then with a fearful crash,
Down came the ponderous bell,
And in the terror of despair
Rang its own funeral knell.

But 'mid the clang and din,
Strange music floats along,
Lo! the majestic organ pours
Its mighty soul of song.

The shrieking winds that fled
The scorpion scourge of flame,
Rush'd thro' its thrilling tubes, and forth
A wail of anguish came.

"Farewell!" it seemed to say,
"Oh holy Church, and dear,
Where priestly voices spoke for God,
And chants responded clear,

Blest altar! where so oft
 Hath knelt the trembling bride,
 Font! whence the dedicated babe
 Drank the baptismal tide,

Aisle! where the shrouded form
 In pallid beauty lay,
 White roses on the coffin-lid,
 And in its hand of clay:"

A pause.—For wild and loud
 The tumult raged around,
 As if amid that strife of tongues
 All melody were drown'd.

Yet hark! through volumed smoke,
 Once more a tuneful tone,
 Death's tyrant fingers swept the keys
 And claim'd the expiring groan.

"Farewell!—Farewell!—Farewell!"
 Sigh'd the last dirge-like strain,
 And then that heart of music broke
 In agonizing pain.

Yet when a ruined pile
That lofty Minster fell,
Methought, from smouldering ashes rose
The murmured tone,—“*farewell!*”

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,

OCTOBER 12TH, 1492.

A year of days! Three hundred sixty* five
Have passed away, since through autumnal haze,
While misty morning changed her grey for gold,
A chieftain, from his lofty bark descried,
What!—

A red comet?—A storm-laden cloud?—
A whelming mountain surge?—A monster whale,
Like wondrous moving island?

No. What, then?—
From his clasp'd hands the glass hath fallen, whose power,

* Written October 12th, 1857, the 365th anniversary of the event.

Like Galileo's self-constructed tube,
 Made truth the victor o'er all doubts and scoffs,
 And threats of scepticism. Transfix'd he stands,
 With rapture on each feature.

Lo!—behold!—

The object of his visions,—of his prayers,—
 For which the Inquisition's power he dared,
 And pluck'd from mutiny the brandished knife;
 There is his payment,—that discovered clime,
 Those deep green ridges of San Salvador!
 What strong emotion moved him, as he rais'd
 Creation's veil, and led exulting forth,
 The Terra Incognita, as a bride
 For the old, worn-out world to gaze upon.
 —Henceforth, let History grave this honor'd day
 Deep on her scroll, and when the Harvest Month,
 Tenth of the year, shall lift its scorpion sign
 And strike responsive as on tuneful bell
 Its twelfth unfolding morn,—Oh! Western World,
 Utter, like Memnon, at the sunrise hour,
 A tone of music; bid thy mountains shout
Columbus! and thy rivers catch the sound,
 Till every vale and thicket learn his name,
 And thro' all future time remember him.

THE MOUNTAIN BURIAL.

The Rev. Dr. Mitchell, Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, in the University of North Carolina, lost his life in a scientific exploration of the Black Mountain, the highest land east of the Mississippi, and was interred on Mount Mitchell, its most elevated peak, June 16th, 1858.

Where is he, Mountain-Spirit ?
Dread Mountain-Spirit, say !
That honor'd Son of Science
Who dared thy shrouded way ?
Oh, giant-Firs ! whose branches
In gloomy grandeur meet
Did ye his steps imprison
Within your dark retreat ?

Ye Mists, and muffled Thunders
That robe yourselves in black,
Have you his steps deluded
To wander from the track ?

Make answer!—Have ye seen him?
 For hearts with fear are bow'd,
 And torches like the wandering stars
 Gleam out above the cloud.

Sound, hunter's horn!—Haste, Mountaineers!
 Lo, on the yielding fern,
 Are these his foot-prints o'er the ledge?
 Will he no more return?
 He cometh!—*How*?—Like marble,
 Forth from its quarried bed,—
 With dripping locks, and rigid brow,
 The sculpture of the dead.

O'er that deep, watery mirror,
 With sweetly pensive grace
 The graceful Rhododendron lean'd
 To look upon his face,
 While, mid the slippery gorges
 Those blushing laurels stand,
 Which, faithless, like the broken reed,*
 Betray'd his grasping hand.

*When he was discovered in a stream where during the mists of evening, and the darkness of a sudden thunder-storm, he had fallen, over a precipice of forty feet, he held in his hand a broken branch of laurel.

No crystal in its hermit-bed,
 No strata of the dales,
 No stranger-plant, or noteless vine,
 In Carolinian vales,
 No shell upon her shore,
 No ivy on her wall,
 No winged bird, or reptile form,
 But he could name them all.

So, Nature hath rewarded him
 Who loved her sacred lore,
 With such a pillow of repose
 As man ne'er had before,
 A monument that biddeth
 Old Egypt's glory hide,
 With all her kingly pyramids,
 In all their mole-hill pride.

Up!—Up!—courageous mountaineers,—
 Each nerve and sinew strain,—
 For what ye do from love this day
 Ye ne'er shall do again ;
 From beetling crag to summit,
 So ominous and steep,
 They force their venturous way, where scarce
 The chamois dares to leap.

There, many thousand feet above
Atlantic's surging height,
Prelate and priest, with lifted hands
Invoked the God of Might,
And then that cloud-encircled cliff
Unlock'd its granite breast,
And with a strong and close embrace
The manly form comprest:

So, in thy sepulchre of rock,
Follower of Jesus, rest,
Serene, approachless and sublime,—
Until the Mountain crest
Shall redden with the fires of doom,
And Earth restore her dead!
Then joyful leave thy Pisgah tomb,
The promised Land to tread.

THE TRUE FRIENDS.

"They leave no sting in the heart of memory,—no stain on the wing of time."—HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER.

Brown Ceres one day, with Pomona was meeting

'Mid Autumn's inspiriting smile,

So, giving each other a sisterly greeting,

They sat down to gossip awhile.

"I hope you are well, dear, this elegant weather,—

How delightful the country,"—they said,

"And how do you prosper,"—both speaking together,—

"With regard to your business and trade?"

“Oh, where the rude thorn-bush and bramble were spring-
ing,

With fruitage the apple-tree bends,
The scythe of the mower at sunrise is swinging,
And the song of the reaper ascends.

“Let us walk hand in hand, for no obstacle caring,
Till the vine o’er the mountains shall grow,
Its suit of green velvet the brown heath be wearing,
And deserts with plenty o’erflow.

“The gold in its mine, with excitement and wonder
May gather an emigrant band,
And the chariot of Mars trample on in its thunder,
But we’re the true strength of the Land.

“For us, no lorn wife in her cottage is grieving,
Earth welcomes us both, in her prime;
No sting in the bosom of memory we’re leaving,
No stain on the pinion of time.”

COMING TO THE PARSONAGE.

Autumnal vales with umber'd leaves were sprinkled,
And peaceful sank the brief November day,
From heavenly casements starry watch-lights twinkled,
As hooded Twilight glided swift away.

The Indian Summer on her couch was sleeping,
A silvery haze-like curtain round her drawn,
While a few flowers their faithful watch were keeping
Against the frost-king on the dewy lawn.

Its fringed lids, the Artemisia raiseth,
The bright Verbena trims its robe with flame,
And like the Vestals whom the Scripture praiseth,
Held lighted lamps until the bridegroom came.

The village tapers one by one were flinging
 Soft lines of radiance o'er the waveless air,
 While at each hearth, the merry kettle singing,
 Gave to the waiting board a promise fair.

In the new Parsonage a group were moving,
 To arrange the gifts by liberal kindness pour'd,
 For still the flock their absent Shepherd loving,
 Had every nook with household comforts stored :

They, of their temporal good with him were sharing,
 While kind affections sprang to mutual birth,
 And he for their immortal welfare caring,
 Will pay in coin of heaven for bread of earth.

The sound of wheels !—The parlor lamps are glowing,
 To cheer the travelers as they onward roam,
 That from afar, the hallow'd brilliance flowing
 Might give the prelude to their welcome home.

The sound of wheels !—They come ! Go forth to meet
 them,—
 Throw wide on opening hinge the Pastor's door,—
 Expecting friends with joyous fervor greet them,
 The bride is in her Mother's arms once more.

Far had they journey'd, both by lake and fountain,
 The crowded mart, and rural landscape trod,
 Swept safe on car of fire, o'er dale and mountain,
 And at Niagara heard the voice of God.

Home's first repast, will life-long Memory treasure,—
 The gentle bride in seat of honor placed,
 Pour'd for her happy lord with chastened pleasure
 The simple beverage, grateful to the taste.

Down o'er the board his manly head was bending,—
 Up rose the prayer by deep devotion wove,—
 While warm from blended hearts was praise ascending
 To the great Culturer of the Tree of Love.

And then, with earnest eloquence was spoken
 To the lone lodger's lot his glad farewell,
 No more to turn like stranger, spirit-broken
 With soul monastic, toward the nightly cell.

Oh!—on this roof-tree rest the Eternal blessing,—
 Heaven's kindling breath its altar-incense meet,
 Here may the woes of others find redressing,
 And love unclouded render duty sweet.

For in well-ordered homes serene and holy,
Where Woman's quiet virtues all expand,
While noblest impulse quickeneth spirits lowly,
Dwell the true strength and glory of our land.

Yes, in such homes, and not in idle hauteur,
Wealth quickly won, or spent with lavish hand,
Not in the pomp of armies, red from slaughter,
Dwell the true strength and glory of a land.

The humblest bud may have the richest flushing,
The lowliest haunt by angel foot be trod,
So from the Church and Parsonage are gushing
Streams that make glad the City of our God.

RALEIGH IN PRISON.

Doth the muse visit *prisons*?—Iron bars
And bolts exclude terrestrial ministries,
Yet through those grated panes where blessed light
Steals faintly, and the foil'd sun turns away,
She entereth.

Pleasure, in its round, o'erlooks
The woe-worn captive,—Friendship may forget,
Even Piety forego its Lord's command,
But in her tenderness and truth, she comes,
Treading oblivion 'neath her radiant feet.

So did she visit Raleigh, when the spite
Of the first Stuart, and the traitor-craft
Of Cecil,—and brutality of Coke,

Caged that sweet bird of song, and rudely thrust
 Into a noisome dungeon, dark and cold,
 The soul of* eloquence and chivalry.

Moons wax'd and wan'd, and years pressed slow on
 years,
 While o'er the unjustly sentenced, stole the snows
 That chill the temples, and diseases born
 From damp, imprisoning walls, like vampyres clutched
 His graceful form, till dire Paralysis
 Drew back with icy rein, the wheels of life,
 And drove them heavily.

 Still, with bright eye
 And voice ethereal, linger'd in his cell
 The angel muse. Dipping her sacred pen
 Deep in the molten gold of History,
 She rapt him in the Past,—and then she struck
 Her lyre, and sang of man and fate, and death,
 Till soaring o'er all foes, he stood serene
 In the great might of immortality,
 Nurturing his soul with bread *they* knew not of,
 Who held the body bound.

* An ancient historian mentioning the speech in which for hours he defended his life before the Court, says,—“never did any man speak so well in times past, nor ever will any man, in time to come.”

The inner ear
Shaping itself to heavenly harmonies,
Found dulcet knowledge, like the bee that bears
The spirit of the rose unto her hive.
The oppressor sneer'd, perchance, and sternly grasp'd
Sceptre and mace, appointing unto him
Scaffold and axe. Yet when he seemed to fall,
He highest rose,—in his Deliverer's strength,
To swell the song that hath no prison-tone.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Click!—click!—click!—

There in a pile they lie,
Shirts and bosoms and collars,
Heap them still more high.
Table cloths, towels and sheets,
Off in a trice they glide,
With all the countless articles
Of household use and pride.

Click!—click!—click!—

Cloak and surplice and stole,
Counterpane, curtain and quilt,
In ceaseless current they roll,

From the wonderful magician
 That there in the corner stands,
 Transcending old Briæreus,
 With all his hundred hands.

No more the thoughtful husband
 Need hasten to his trade,
 With handkerchiefs unhemm'd,
 And wristbands broken and fray'd,
 Even the matron findeth leisure,
 Though with many a labor tried,
 To read the daily paper,
 And something else beside,

While the astonished mother
 Can keep in neat array
 Her rude and rosy urchins
 That in the gutter play,
 Coats and jackets and pants
 Are quicker made anew
 Than the laundress can restore the old
 To their primeval hue.

The lover, when he presseth
 The hand of his lady fair,
 No longer finds her finger rough
 With the needle's furrowing share.

And the thin and pallid sempstress,
 With endless stitching worn,
May sleep before the midnight,
 And rise refresh'd at morn.

What a blessed age we live in,
 Sisters, and daughters, and wives ;
With all the lights of science
 To lengthen out our lives.
And be the time thus rescued,
 Not spent in folly's strife,
But fit ourselves and others
 For a higher, better life.

THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

Long in her shaded room she sate,
Deep musing o'er a scroll,
Though Evening with its stealthy hand
The light away had stole,
It matters not,—like blazoned chart,
Each line was graven on her heart.

A pleasant reverie rules the hour,
Bright Fancy spreads her wings;
Gay Hope looks out from greenwood bower
The bird of Eden sings,
And spirit-strength, before unknown,
Seems strangely blending with her own.

A footstep!—In her bosom's fold
 That missive's page was crush'd,
 And flashing crimson o'er her brow
 Up to the forehead gush'd;
 Oh, maiden! whence that hurrying flame?
 In holy love there is no shame.

Beside her nightly couch she kneels,
 The Heavenly Friend to seek,
 A tear her grateful heart reveals,
 Like pearl-drop on the cheek;
 Another name is on her prayer,
 Another soul seems hovering there.

Henceforth, that name, in hours like these,
 Before her own is spoke,
 And for that soul her warmest thoughts
 The grace of Heaven invoke,
 Thus shall it be, till Life hath wove
 Its web;—for such is woman's love.

Then wildering dreams of sprite and fay,
 Around her slumbers stole,
 And urchin Cupids snatch'd away
 Her bosom's hoarded scroll.
Her first love-letter! Lo! it sails,
 In fragments, on the mocking gales.

Oh, Lady! chance and change await

The happiest earthly lot,

Yet truth and tender trust abide,

Though wealth continueth not ;

And Love, with pure and heavenward sway,

Sustains, when beauty fades away.

“’T WAS FOR HIS MOTHER’S SAKE.”

He died amid a stranger-band,
Though in his native clime,—
The fever smote him, and he fell
In his fresh morning prime.
A strong and stalwart youth was he,
Rear’d ’mid the hills of Maine,
And in his wild, delirious dream
He saw those hills again.

No care of kindred soothed his pain,
Or watch’d his sleepless night,
Or cool’d the burning lips that verg’d
Into the deadly white;

But unknown hands in haste prepared
 The narrow coffin bed,
 And a small funeral group drew near
 Where holy prayers were said.

But ere the coffin-lid they clos'd,
 An ancient woman prest
 Forth from that group, and laid her hand
 Upon that pulseless breast,
 And with a solemn fervor kiss'd
 The forehead cold as clay.
 "'Twas for his mother's sake,"* she said,
 And mournful turn'd away.

And so that mother's friendship-seal
 Down to his grave he bore,
 Who never to her cottage home
 Shall greet their darling more;
 While many an eye unused to weep
 Felt lingering moisture break,
 To hear that aged woman's words—
 "'Twas for his mother's sake."

* The incident took place during the fever in New Orleans in the summer of 1858.

FALL OF THE CHARTER OAK.

Woe,—for the mighty Tree!
The monarch of the plain,—
The storm hath reft its noble heart—
It ne'er shall tower again,
In ruins, far and wide,
Its giant limbs are laid,
Like some fallen dynasty of earth,
Whose nod the nations sway'd.

Woe, for the ancient Oak,
Our Pilgrim-fathers' pride,
That shook the centuries from its crown,
And flourish'd when they died;

The grass-flower at its feet,
 Shall quickening Spring restore,
 But healthful dews, or nesting bird
 Revisit it no more.

The roaming Indian prized
 Its canopy of shade,
 And bless'd it while his council fire
 In eddying volumes play'd,
 He for its wisdom sought
 As to a Delphic shrine,
 He ask'd it when to plant his corn,
 And waited for the sign.*

Yon white haired man sits down
 Where its torn branches lie,
 And tells the listening boy, the tale
 Of threatened Liberty,
 How tyrant pomp and power,
 Once in the olden time,
 Came Brennus-like, with iron tramp
 To crush our infant clime,

*The signal of the red man to plant his corn, was when the leaf of the Charter-Oak had attained the size of a *mouse's ear*.

And how that brave old Oak
 Stood forth, a friend indeed,
 And spread its Ægis o'er our sires,
 In their extremest need,
 And in its sacred breast
 Their germ of freedom bore,
 And hid their life-blood in its veins,
 Until the blast was o'er.

Throngs, gathering round the spot
 Their mournful memories weave,
 Even children, in strange silence stand,
 Unconscious why they grieve,
 Or for their casket seek
 Some relic spray to glean,
 Acorn, or precious leaf, to press
 Their Bible-page between.

Was there no other prey,
 Oh, Storm!—that thunder'd by?
 Wreaking dark vengeance, 'neath the shroud
 Of the wild midnight sky?
 Was there no kingly Elm,
 Majestic, broad and free,
 That thou must, in thy madness, smite
 Our tutelary tree?

Our beacon of the past,
 Our chronicler of time,
 Our Mecca, to whose greenwood glade
 Came feet from every clime?
 Hark!—to the echoing dirge,
 In measures deep and slow,
 While on the breeze our banner floats,
 Draped in the weeds of woe.

The fair ones of our vale
 O'er its lost Guardian sigh,
 And elders with prophetic dread
 Dark auguries descry,
 Patriots and sages deign
 O'er the loved wreck to bend,
 And in this funeral of the Oak
 Lament their Country's friend.

RETURN FROM BOARDING-SCHOOL.

From the boarding-school and city,
To her rural habitation,
To her home among the farmers,
Came the stylish, fair Miranda,
All accomplished, all-exacting.
She could bring a tide of music
From the wiry-key'd piano,
Sing bravura, sing andante,
She could lisp in phrase Parisian,
And in gay embroidery fashion
Flying eagle, leaping lambkin,
Cupid with his dart and quiver,
Goddess, paroquet, or poodle.

When she saw her rustic neighbors,
Feeding chickens, darning stockings,
At the spinning-wheel and distaff,
At the dairy or the cheese-press,
Well content, and plump and rosy,
Vulgar and uncouth she deem'd them.
While with curious, wide-eyed wonder,
They her altered ways and costume
Mark'd, and spoke their minds together,
Not admiring, not approving.
O'er the level of her kindred,
O'er their sympathies and pleasures
Her brief training had advanced her.
But of woman's true vocation,
At the board, and at the hearth-stone,
Teaching servants to be faithful,
Fitting them for daily duty,
Guiding the unfolding spirit
Like a tendril toward the sunbeam,
Making home serene and happy;
Of that high and holy mission
All along life's pilgrim pathway,
As the helper and consoler,
Love to prop, and woe to pity,
How to soothe another's heart-ache,

Ever of her own forgetful,
Of the science so unending,
Born of Him, the meek and lowly,
This young lady had no knowledge ;
Not the Alpha had she mastered,
Of that alphabet angelic
Whose Omega is in Heaven.

EVERETT'S ORATION ON WASHINGTON.

Would we might listen longer.

Hours forget

Their true admeasurement beneath his sway,
Or move in charmed circles, as of old
The fabled trees before the Orphean lyre.
Greece, in her palmiest days had bow'd to him,
Yet fail'd to furnish such another theme.

Learning and eloquence, and patriot zeal
Move him, as from the buried Past he brings
The living presence of our Nation's Sire ;
Touching like harp-strings all those filial chords
That thrilling thro' its mighty heart, incite
To union and fraternal harmony.

See,—ancient Harvard's pilgrim-planted shrine
 Shares his renown. But most Mount Vernon wreathes
 His name with fadeless evergreen, who toil'd
 To build her desolations, and preserve
 A sacred Zion for our gathering tribes.

So, from our northern forests tipp'd with frost,
 To the sweet umbrage of Floridian groves,
 From bold Atlantic's mast-engirdled shore
 To the far portals of our Gate of gold
 We give him thanks.

'Twas fitting *he* should take
 Our noblest memory on his classic wing,
 Bearing it high o'er the Lethean pool,
 And from the smiting of the surge of Time
 Keeping it safe. Thus shall he leave his own
 More lov'd among the people,—doubly link'd
 With our chief glory, and his just reward.

QUEEN VICTORIA CONVOKING PARLIAMENT,

JANUARY 25TH, 1841.

I saw her in her regal state,
A score of years gone by,
Sceptre and crown, and gorgeous robe
Of Albion's majesty,

While round her ranged the proud array
Of noble and of peer,
With embassies from foreign realms,
Her queenly words to hear.

Most wonderful it was to one
From this young Western Land,
To see in loyalty and life,
Long buried ages stand,

And down from glorious Alfred's line,
Bow to a gentle form,
And rise in chivalry sublime,
To shield it from the storm.

Serene and dignified she sate
On that ancestral throne,
All self-possess'd, though every eye
Was fix'd on her alone ;

Then rising, with a snowy hand,
A written scroll she spread,
And to a dense and listening throng,
In tuneful accents read,

So sweet, so clear, with perfect grace
Of elocution fraught,
That modulated voice inspired
Each distant nook with thought

It spoke of nations and their laws,
Of Europe's fruitful plain,
Of Commerce and its linked ties,
Of ships that rule the main,

Of powers that wisely dwelt at peace
 Or raised the glittering steel,
 And how their policies and moods
 Might bear on England's weal.

From clime to clime, from zone to zone,
 Her theme excursive roved,
 That sovereign Lady of the Isles,
 So tenderly beloved.

But though her mind its treasures strew'd
 O'er earth's remotest bound,
 One little gem in casket seal'd
 Was hid from sight and sound;

I mark'd it, though so closely seal'd,
 Yet not by magic art,
 For every mother knows what reigns
 In every mother's heart:

Her first-born babe, the love it brought
 Into the bosom's core,
 That was the jewel which her soul
 On its bow'd forehead wore.

True Wife, true Mother, and true Queen!—

Great words are these to say,
Yet well such suffrage hast thou won,
In duty's hallow'd way,

And better will it be at last,
Oh, thou of royal birth,
Than all the wealth of every clime,
And all the pomp of earth.

ALL'S WELL.

If sleepless on my couch I lie,
While lingering hours glide silent by,
And forms of strength and minds of power
Unconscious rest in nightly bower,
And evil walks with secret sway,
And shrouded burglars prowls for prey,
With what a welcome tone of cheer
The watchman's voice salutes the ear,
All's well.

All's well, in this our city fair,
No warring host encampeth there,
Nor sack, nor siege, nor trumpet's cry
Call lov'd ones from their homes to die,

No pestilence with sway severe,
 Demands the ceaseless moan and tear,
 Nor famine lays her shrivell'd hand
 Upon the plenty of our land—
 All's well.

Yet here, within this favor'd bound,
 Art sure no lurking foe is found?
 No hidden tyranny of guile?
 No broken hearts that wear a smile?
 Of Satan's house no liveried crew
 That in the dark his bidding do,
 Unblushing, till the dawn of day?
 How can'st thou then, so boldly say,
 All's well?

A clime there is from danger free,
 God fit our souls that clime to see;
 It hath no wound, to thrill and bleed,
 No staff of trust like broken reed,
 Nor wrinkling care, nor blighted bowers,
 Nor serpent coiling 'mid the flowers,
 Nor hath it need of wakeful eye,
 Or nightly guard, or watchman's cry,
 All's well.

MAN'S FIRST EMPLOYMENT.

“God put the man into the Garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it.”

GENESIS, 2ND AND 15TH.

When man was in his pristine strength,
Unstain'd, unfallen, undismay'd,
His Maker gave the genial task,
To dress and keep the garden glade.

Then angels deign'd his guests to be,
By sinless Eden's crystal springs,
And oft at hush of day he heard
The hovering of celestial wings.

Even now, tho' thorns and thistles claim
 Dominion o'er the uncultured soil,
From Nature and from God he finds
 A blessing on his rural toil.

Earth is his friend, and freely gives
 The treasures of her fruitful breast,
While industry, of health the friend,
 Sheds sweetness o'er his nightly rest.

No flaming sword, no guarded gate
 Repel him from his home of love:
But Peace and Hope, like angels wait,
 And point to Paradise above.

SAMUEL.

Dark night hung brooding o'er Jerusalem,
Silence beneath the Temple's solemn arch,
No sound of footsteps at the altar-side,
The towering cherubim with folded wings
Shrouded in mystery the holy Ark,
The glimmering lamp sent forth a fitful ray,
And shadows trembled o'er the pavement cold
Like living things.

How awful was the place!
As though the spectres of departed years
Came stalking from their tombs. Yet there alone
Lay a young child, the child that Hannah lent
Unto the Lord forever.

Large and round
 Grew his clear, wakeful eye, not now as erst
 To slumber lull'd by habitudes of home,
 Or tender mother hovering round his bed
 Like watchful saint to bless his evening prayer.

Alone he lay and mused. In distant crypt
 The ancient priest slept heavily. To him
 The service of the Temple was a trade,
 Perchance, a task. But he, the innocent child,
 Who pour'd the incense of a loving heart
 Into his form of worship, lay serene;
 For to the trusting and obedient soul
 There is no terror.

Hark! A voice!—*A voice!*
 The same that to the seer at Horeb came,
 Who wrapp'd his mantle o'er him and bow'd down,
 Holding his breath for awe; the same that spake
 When shuddering Israel at red Sinai's base
 Cried out to Moses that they could not hear
 That voice again and live.

But the brave boy,
 When his own name resounded thro' the gloom,
 True to his lesson, answered fearlessly—
"Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth."

So he took
 Jehovah's message to a waiting soul,
 And with the early day arose and threw,
 As was his wont, the Temple's massy valves
 Wide open, to the stream of golden light.

Child-prophet! be our teacher—we who oft
 Sleep on, like Eli, with a heavy sound,
 And let the spirit of our duties wane,
 And know it not.

Instruct us, prophet-child!
 Amid the watches of the night to say—
"Speak, Lord! thy servants hear;" and at the dawn
 Rise up and light the soul-lamps, and go forth,
 Our brow still beaming with the smile of heaven.

THE TUSCAN BUD.*

We won a bud in Tuscan vales,
The treasure of our breast,
A tendril round the heart it wove,
Caressing and caress'd :

We lost it, 'neath Italian skies,
Where silver Arno flows,
Though fain to bear it to the home
Where our fair garden grows,

* A beautiful babe, of American parents, was born and died under the fair sky of Florence, during their travels in Europe.

Our garden, in the free, green West,—
But One of boundless love
Transferr'd it to a better clime,
And gave it root above.

Its image lingereth in our souls
So fresh, with sun, and rain,
That 'mid the flowers of Heaven we'll know
Our Tuscan bud again.

TALK WITH THE SEA.

I said with a moan, as I roam'd alone
By the side of the solemn sea,
“Oh! cast at my feet, which thy billows meet,
Some token to comfort me,—
'Mid thy surges cold, a ring of gold
I have lost, with an amethyst bright,
Thou hast lock'd it so long, in thy casket strong,
That the rust must have quench'd its light.

Send a gift I pray, on thy sheeted spray
To solace my drooping mind,
For sadly I grieve, and am soon to leave
This rolling globe behind:”

Then the sea answer'd—"spoils are mine
 From many an argosy,
 And pearl-drops sleep in my bosom deep,
 But naught have I there for thee."

"When I mused before, on thy rock-bound shore,
 The beautiful walk'd with me,—
 She hath gone to her rest, in the church-yard's breast
 Since I saw thee last, thou sea.
 Restore! restore! the smile she wore
 When her cheek to mine was press'd,—
 Give back the voice of the fervent soul
 That illumined the darkest breast."

But the haughty sea, in its majesty
 Swept onward, as before,
 Though a wave in wrath, from its wrecking path
 Call'd out to the sounding shore,—
 "Thou hast ask'd of our king, a harder thing
 Than mortal e'er claim'd before,
 For never the wealth of a loving heart
 Could Ocean or Earth restore!"

GRAY HAIRS.

Gray hairs,—I marvel why they strike
Such terror and dismay,
No mark of wickedness or shame
Or foul disgrace are they ;
As silently as infant dreams
Steal o'er the cradle-down,
They weave their sparkling silver threads
In with the black, or brown.

Gray hairs!—the waning beauty shrieks
Before her mirror's face,
And forth the unblest intruder flies
Uprooted from its place.

Oh Lady, stay that lily hand,
 If one such guest should fall,
 They say a dozen more will come
 To attend the funeral.

Gray hairs! I saw the Queen* of France
 Arrayed in regal state,
 Receive the elite of many lands,
 The titled and the great,
 And while her dignity and grace
 Were prais'd by every tongue,
 The long, white ringlets o'er her brow
 In fearless clusters hung.

Gray hairs,—when sprinkled here and there
 In beard and whiskers too,
 Inspire respect and confidence
 More than the youthful hue,
 Of knowledge of mankind they tell,
 Perchance of serious thought,
 And lessons at the expensive school
 Of sage Experience taught.

* The Queen of Louis Philippe, whose hair turned gray in early life, had the courage and taste to wear it without concealment, or resorting to nostrums for the restoration of its color.

Gray hairs,—I think them beautiful
Around the ancient face,
Like pure, unsullied snows that lend
The wintry landscape grace;
When found in wisdom's ways they crown
With wealth's exhaustless store,
A prelude to that home of joy
Where beauty fades no more.

“LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE.”

They had been long in session,* bishops, priests,
And earnest laymen, on the Church's weal
Deeply intent. The time drew near to part,
And they, impell'd by Christian zeal, had moved
To send forth Prelates toward the setting sun,
That they might gather for their Master's fold
The wanderers of the prairies.

Then there breath'd
A blessed spirit o'er them,—grateful love
To Him who thus their counsels ruled in peace,

* The Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, held at Richmond, Virginia, October, 1859.

And glad obedience to the high command,
"Let all the people praise Thee."

So they raised
 The *Gloria in Excelsis*. Every lip
 With one consent sustain'd the melody.
 Up toward the dome the tide of music swept,
 Swelling and surging in a sea of sound,
 O'erleaping every barrier. Manhood's tone
 Join'd the sweet treble of the female voice
 Made tremulous by tears.

Onward it roll'd—
*"Glory to God on high—on earth be peace
 Good will to men,"*—the chant of every soul.
 It seem'd an echo from that holy mount
 Where seraph's veil their faces; for they felt
 In the sublime emotion of that hour,
 The force of sacred music unconstrain'd
 By curtain'd gallery or artistic choir,
 Was the true heritage of every heart.

That unbound harmony had knit their souls
 Into a mesh of rapture. There they stood
 Fill'd with delight, and fearful of a pause.

The glorious anthem ceas'd—yet still they stood,
 Wrapp'd in adoring silence.

"Let us pray."

And down they knelt, the bright, electric chain
Binding in unison each worshipper :
For hallow'd music on God's altar laid
The soul's fresh incense, and with glowing thought
Prayer touch'd that incense, and it flamed to heaven.

HON. RUFUS CHOATE.

A vessel slowly trod the waves
Amid their thunder-sound,
“Ho! white-wing’d rover of the deep,
What freight? and whither bound?”
No sign she made, no signal gave,
Nor in her reckoning veer’d,
But onward, toward New England’s coast
In solemn silence steer’d.

Then the East Wind answered for her,
While it blanch’d the sailor’s cheek,
“She bears a burden in her heart
That will not let her speak;

She grieveth, and is sorely vexed
To mock a Nation's trust,
And bring a diamond from its crown
To ashes turn'd, and dust ;

She museth on the bitter wail
From mountain and from shore,
When they their classic son shall claim
Who must return no more.
For well she knows the like of him
Who rides the seething main,
With marble lip upon her breast,
They ne'er shall see again. "

SUMMER RAIN.

The rain descends with tuneful sound,
And every leaf in joy is drown'd ;
The liberal groves from topmast bough
Shake superflux on those below ;
The oak, within the grape-vine's grasp,
Feels fonder kiss and closer clasp ;
Sweet wild flowers blush 'mid arid sands,
The thirsty grass-blades clap their hands ;
And Nature in her varied lot
Pours forth the praise by man forgot.

Each wakening drop, serenely cool,
Finds answer from the dimpling pool ;
The whispering brooklet tells the reeds
Its secret gain, as on it speeds ;

The mother-bird in curtained nest
Amid her new-born fledglings blest,
Incited by the freshening breeze
Pours richer carol through the trees,
Still prompting man, with soul divine,
The chorus of her praise to join.

The farmer sees his drooping grain
Imbibe reviving breath again ;
The merchant his umbrella spreads
And plodding o'er the pavement treads :
The lady sends her coach away,
The rain might mar her rich array ;
And fretful children loudly moan
Their promis'd pic-nic overthrown ;
But Nature with her bright'ning eyes
Yields God the praise that man denies.

FOUR GRAVES.

“Our boy hath fever on his cheek,”
The mother said to me ;
And so we held him from the school
Where still he long’d to be.
We nurs’d him,—but delirium came,
And he whose brightening way,
As the rich sunbeam upward rolls,
Had for seven summers cheer’d our souls,
Was a pale piece of clay.

The little daughter!—What of her?
Her voice was music clear
As when the earliest birdling sings,
“Behold the Spring is here.”

We watch'd unslumbering by her bed
 'Till five long midnights died,
 And then the broken sods withdrew,
 That o'er her brother's pillow grew,
 To lay her by his side.

That double funeral!—None save God
 The agony might see,
 As lost in frantic grief we clasp'd
 Our blue-eyed boy of three;
 Yet not as won't, his twining arms
 The wild embrace return'd,
 But cold, as clouds autumnal roll,
 The darling of our inmost soul,
 Our idol worship spurn'd.

Then face to face and hand to hand
 Against the Spoiler dread,
 We stood in rescue for the child,
 "He shall not die," we said.
 Confronting still that tyrant's will,
 We battled side by side,
 Though ghastly white was round his lips,
 And nature felt her dread eclipse,
 "He is not dead," we cried.

Prostrate beside her cradled babe
 The exhausted mother lay,
 It wilted like a lily-bud
 Whose stalk is cut away;
 In the wan stupor of despair
 We o'er our last one bent,
 While with a strange, adhesive strife,
 It struggled for its new-born life,
 Till every nerve was rent.

Gone! Gone!—*All four!*—The crescent moon
 The earliest of the Spring,
 Beheld them in a happy home,
 And heard their laughter ring,
 Yet ere her rounded orb declined
 Into its lingering wane,
 Bereft, in desolate retreat,
 She saw us listening for the feet
 That ne'er return again.

Oh, was it arrogance in us,
 Those gems *our own* to call,
 In the heart's casket for a while
 Left by the Lord of all?

What tho' he lent them with a smile,
And took them back with tears,
Are not the smile, the tear, the loan,
And we ourselves, alike His own?
Chasten'd, yet loyal, at His throne
We cast our darken'd years.

A NEW IDEA.

“They plant their lands with music.”

REV. G. L. SEYMOUR.

A traveler 'mid the heart of Afric says,
In graphic sketch of its nomadic tribes,
“*They plant their lands with music.*”

Is not that
A hint worth taking? 'Tis the blame, I'm told,
Of Agriculture, that she fails to make
Due progress with the times, and lumbers on
In the slow stage-coach that the fathers used,
While Trade and Commerce ride at railroad speed.
Now, here's a chance to indemnify herself.

Methinks the spring-work on our farms might be
 Help'd on by cheerful music. Why not try?
 'Twere difficult to say what instrument
 Were most congenial.

Try a merry tune
 Whistled or sung,—a hurdy-gurdy's strain,
 A horn, or jew's-harp. A brisk, stirring fife*
 Might not be inappropriate. So, the hands
 Too delicate to dig, could play on these
 And help the harvest still. Perchance, the limbs,
 Of some dull plow-horse might be thus inspired
 Better than by the hammering of the heels
 Of the rough boy who rides him.

Animals

May have an ear for music, and I've read
 That lions and some other beasts of prey
 Might be thus ruled, but should prefer to keep
 At a respectful distance. Once, I saw
 An ox leave grazing for a window near
 Where a young lady her piano play'd,
 And raise his honest face and stand transfix'd

* A recent tourist writes: "On the banks of the Tuma, in the interior of Africa, while they labored on the farms, assisted by the women, and the half-grown girls, a little fellow was seated on the trunk of a tree, with a drum, which he briskly beat, and to which the people while they worked, sang and kept time."

Like an admiring listener. Bees, we know,
 Take to new homes with music, not precise
 Nor hypercritical about the style
 Of their orchestra, for they seem to like
 The clangor of tin kettles rudely beat,
 Their auditory nerves being less acute
 Than their olfactory.

Yet not alone

On the inferior races rests our force
 Of argument. Analogy instructs
 The tiller of the soil, for many an art
 Draws life and briskness from the realm of sound.
 What were Thalia's "light fantastic toe"
 Without the viol's aid? Is Flora mute?
 The birds will answer, and in dulcet lays
 Our sweetest songstress struck the chord "Bring flowers,"
 And countless hearts in unison respond.
 Won't some of our composers write a book
 Of music for the farm,—adapted well
 To change of rural toil? Quite long enough
 Hath Mars monopolized sweet music's coin,
 And Ceres sate in silence. To the field
 Of conflict urged by trump and clarion-cry
 Rushes the soldier, and scarce feels the shaft
 That lays him low.

Hath not the Art that makes
The green Earth fruitful, as much right to sing
As that which gluts it with its children's blood?
So, strew your seed upon her breast with song,
And to the garner guide the loaded wain
With hymns of praise.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

When o'er the cradle of thy child,
While sleep his blue-eye seals,
The prayer to Him who gave the gift,
In silent fervor steals,
And other boasted pleasures fall
Like dry leaves from the tree,
Remember,—Mother, sweet and fair,
Such was my love for thee.

And when his small, adventurous feet
First unto thee shall glide,
And his young, lisping lip prefer
Thy kiss to all beside,

A payment for thy many cares
That rapturous thrill shall be,
And gentle Mother, sweet and fair,
Such was my joy in thee.

Now, as advancing shadows stretch
Across life's pilgrim vale,
And the lone heart, 'mid gathering graves
Doth in its courage fail,
Or counts perchance, how few the props
That firm and stable prove,
Forget not, thou, the early warmth
Of sacred, filial love :

For tho' the brighter, new-found joys
Eclipse its ancient claim,
As fades the taper's ray before
The dazzling noon-tide flame,
Still, may the old love and the new
With blended force conspire
To train and tune thy plastic soul
For Heaven's immortal choir.

BREAKFAST.

Breakfast!—Come to breakfast !
Honest friend is he,
More than gourmand Dinner,
More than tinsel Tea,
More than stolid Supper
Dragging in its train,
Dizzy-head, and night-mare,
Or paralytic pain.

Breakfast!—Come to breakfast !
Little ones, and all,
How their merry footsteps
Patter at the call,
Break the bread,—pour freely
Milk that cream-like flows
A blessing on their appetites,
And on their lips of rose.

Breakfast!—It reclaims us
 From realms of death-like sleep,
 From wild and dream-land wanderings
 Wherein we laugh or weep,—
 It giveth strength for labor,
 It giveth zeal for play,
 New vigor to the student,
 Fresh spirits to the gay.

Breakfast!—summer breakfast!—
 Throw the casement high,
 And catch the warbler's carol
 On glad wing glancing by,
 Set flowers upon your table
 Impearl'd with dew-drops rare,
 For still their fragrance speaks of Him
 Who made this earth so fair.

Breakfast!—winter breakfast!—
 Recruit the blazing fire,
 Heap coal upon the glowing grate
 Or fill the furnace higher,
 Though drifting snows descending
 May whiten field and bower,
 Where loving hearts are true and warm,
 King Frost hath little power.

Dinner may be pleasant,
 So may social tea,
 Yet, methinks the breakfast
 Is best of all the three,
 With its greeting smile of welcome,
 And its holy voice of prayer,
 It forgeth heavenly armor
 To foil the hosts of care.

Breakfast!—early breakfast!
 The Sun's new rising ray,
 Doth lend a secret magic
 To speed you on your way,
 But let one hour of morning
 Go by you on the track,
 And Franklin says "you'll toil all day,
 But never get it back."

Breakfast!—Come to breakfast!—
 Some there are, who hear
 No such household-music
 Ringing in their ear;
 Wilt thou from thy store-house
 Cheer them when they pine?
 Shedding blessed sunbeams
 On their day, and thine?

THE HAPPINESS OF AGE.

How beautiful the life we lead,
Now that the noontide heat is o'er,
And 'mid our garner'd sheaves we sit
At Memory's door ;
No more to delve in Mammon's mine,
What use have we for hoarded gold ?
The garments* of our last repose
No coin can hold.

No more we heed Ambition's call,
Nor shrink from Censure, harsh and blind,
Nor covet Fame, we've tried them all,—
All are but wind.

* "Shrouds have no pockets."

No more beguiled by gilded dreams,
With futile eagerness we stray;
See, at our side Experience stands,
Our guide alway.

The passions of unbridled youth,
The shipwrecked schemes of years mature,
No more we trembling strive to curb,
No more endure.
We've toil'd for love, we've wept for grief,
Seen hope's young buds fall dry and sere,
Yet bless the discipline that once
We deem'd severe.

We've mourn'd for those who went before,
But gladly now behold them stand,
And beckon toward their own bright shore,
With greeting hand.
Our feet were blistered 'mid the sands,
When in life's caravan we prest,
Now, gentle Twilight smiling brings
The balm of rest.

As if from Pisgah, we descry
 Realm after realm in beauty spread;
Some that we erst explored, and one
 We soon shall tread;
Our Mother Earth was kind and good,
 A couch she gives beneath her sod:
We bless her, and rejoicing turn
 Homeward to God.

THE TREATY OF PARIS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30TH, 1856.

There came a word upon the lightning's lip,
Across the brine,—that set the mightiest bells
Of London pealing.

To her cottage-door
Hobbled the listening crone, and the sick man
Look'd up and ask'd what stirr'd the Sabbath bells
To such strange clangor, and the white-robed priest
Paus'd for a moment, wondering,—as the towers
Rock'd and responded.

But that little word
Upon the lightning's lip,—what might it be?

It reach'd the far Crimea, gorg'd with blood
 And deaf with death-groans and on her sad brow
 Traced the forgotten semblance of a smile.
 The Russian serf receives it in his hut,
 And moisteneth his black bread with tears of joy.
 Stamboul hath caught the echo, and is glad,
 While 'mid the chapels and the vines of France,
 The conscript's mother her Te Deum sings.

Wouldst know what mystic word hath power to wake
 So many harps of praise?

Go,—ask the choir

What was the key-tone of the song they pour'd
 O'er Bethlehem's vales, when our dear Lord was born,
 And they will tell you what electric thrill
 Hath touch'd the joy-pulse of the war-worn Earth
 On this blest Sabbath morn.

THE SCULPTOR, BARTHOLOMEW.

'Tis not for song to give thee fame,
O artist! praised by all,
For breathing marble speaks thy name
In many a lordly hall,
Yet fain would friendship's lingering ray
Reveal thy varied lot
To those who saw thee day by day,
Yet understood thee not,

Nor mark'd the new-fledg'd eagle's pain
That fired with sunward trust
Intensely struggled 'gainst the chain
That bound so long to dust.

But now upon our topmost height
Thy sculptured thought shall stand,
Thy genius shed a lambent light
O'er thy loved native land.

Remembering all thy glorious power
Thus quench'd in early years,
We mourn thee in our secret bower
With stifled sound of tears,
Even more than all thy loss to Art,
That pride of Freedom's shore,
We mourn the noble, loving heart
That beats for us no more.

THE MAPLE TREE.

I took my way, at close of day,
O'er the brown autumnal plain,
Where the blood-red leaf of the Maple Tree
Came sprinkling down like rain,
As though unconsciously I trod
Some valley of the slain.

“Ill fares it thee, thou Maple Tree ?
Wert wounded in the fray ?
Like the heroic men of Greece,
In old Platea's day ?
Or our blessed sires at Bunker Hill
'Neath Freedom's dawning ray ?”

The Maple said : " No weapon dread
Hath pierced my heart with woe,
I only give old charms to earth,
That newer ones may grow ;
But your frail race return no more
When to the dust they go."

"Vaunt not to me, thou Maple Tree
So gay in thy brilliant dye ;
I know thou art first to hail the Spring,
With her queenly dynasty,
But when the Frost King dons his shield
Thou art ever the first to fly.

"We cast our leaf like the russet sheaf,—
To you we seem to die,
But heavenly Faith strikes vital root
Beneath a cloudless sky,
Where undeciduous blossoms glow
Through all Eternity."

THANKSGIVING AT THE FARM-HOUSE.

Back to the rural home they turn,—
The gray-haired sire is there,
The mother with her younger brow,
Intent on household care ;
She spreads the board with viands rare,
Such as they priz'd of old,
And gives to all, the zest of love
That can't be bought for gold.

The stalwart sons to fathers grown
Lead on their younglings dear,
And daughters with their infants come,
So lately children here,

Around the blazing fire they draw
As to a shepherd's fold,
Still culling gems from memory's mine
That can't be bought for gold.

In sports and merry games unite
Each healthful girl and boy,
The evening fleets on rapid wing,
The babies crow for joy ;
Red apples from their grandsire's trees,
And walnuts from the wold,
Give to their simple tastes content
That can't be bought for gold.

The centre of that happy group—
The Patriarch, bending low,
Invokes a blessing on his race
Ere to their rest they go ;
The cherish'd feast throughout the year,
Shall make each heart more bold,
With blended strength of kindred blood
That can't be bought for gold.

EPITAPH IN THE DESERT.

‘OUR ONLY CHILD,
DEAR LITTLE MARY,
FOUR YEARS OLD.’

That was the epitaph, cut plain and fair
On a thin slab of board, and planted deep
Where a slight mound arose.

The tents were spread
Of a dense throng, that toward the land of gold
Toiled like a caravan. And many an eye
Of the rude campers moistened as it traced
Those simple words, left by a father's hand,
Like pearl-drops in the desert.

Full of glee

Was little MARY, when at first she left
 The spreading elm-trees at her grand-sire's door ;
 For childhood loveth change, and leaps to go
 Where'er the parents lead. Well pleased was she
 With the large, gorgeous prairie-flowers to fill
 Basket and pinafore. But day by day
 Long, weary travel wore her, and her cheek
 Lost hue and roundness.

As the evening star
 Week after week looked forth, her drooping heart
 Longed for the nursery and downy crib,
 To whose white pillow Sleep so sweetly came,
 Wooed by the mother's hymn. When stern Disease
 More sorely smote, her mind went wandering back
 To its far home, and simple rural joys.
 The merry kitten that with her would play
 At hide-and-seek, amid the mantling vines ;
 The sparkling water in its rock-bound fount,
 Where she might freely drink ; her own fair bush
 Of berries in the garden ; each of these
 Murmuring she named, with faint and wildering words.
 ——"Mother! the cow's come home!" and eager reached
 Her little cup for the fresh draught of milk.
 Alas ! poor mother ! ofttimes will she weep

Wild, gushing tears, at that remembered face,
So pale and wishful.

When, for the last time,
Her arms around that wasted form were wrapped,
Shuddering she heard the cold lip say :

“Good night !

Good night! The candle's out! Put me to bed!”
——Yes, yes. And thy good morning shall be spoke
By sweet-voiced angels that shall bear thee home
To the Divine REDEEMER.

Innocent lamb!

'Twere better for thy parents to have kept
Thee in their bosom, and forsworn the gold
Of Californian mines.

Thought they not so,
As slowly toward that stranger clime they fared,
Bearing the grief-load?

MOUNT VERNON AND ITS MASTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON,

FEBRUARY 22^D, 1860.

A voice upon the breeze,
Mount Vernon's cypress sighs,
Where "being dead, *He* speaketh yet,"
Who there in honor lies.
He, who on annal high,
Inscribed a stainless part;
The first in war, the first in peace—
First in his country's heart.

"Hail glorious Realm, that spreads
 From cliffs with snowy crest,
 To where the green magnolia makes
 Floridian forests blest,
 From broad Atlantic's shore,
 On to the gates of gold,
 That guard the portal of the West,
 An empire uncontrolled,

"Peace waves her banner fair,
 Wealth in thy harvest glows,
 Glad sounds of spindle, wheel and loom,
 Thine industry disclose,
 Commerce, from every zone
 Brings countless treasures back,
 And enterprise, with steed of fire,
 Speeds o'er a lightning track,

"I mark in contrast strong,
 Thy dark colonial state,—
 The kindling throb of liberty,
 The struggle with the great,
 Thy towns in durance held,
 The flames that on them fed,
 The prison ship, the long retreat,
 The conflict and the dead.

"Again, through wintry camps,
 I hear the tempest blow,
 And see the half-shod soldiers leave
 Their blood-prints on the snow,
 Yet, side by side they stood,
 A firm, devoted band,
 Nor could the British Lion's might
 Such brotherhood withstand.

"Long years of storm and strife
 Quench'd not the hallow'd light
 That from beleaguer'd Bunker Hill
 Put forth its beacon bright,
 'Till in Virginia's vales
 It caught the victor flame,
 And wrote upon the startled skies,
 A nation's starry name.

"Old History, since she made
 Her record-league with Time,
 Hath seen no fabric rear'd like this
 With prayers and deeds sublime;
 Seen to no temple shrine
 So rich a lustre lent,
 Nor chronicled a wreck so dire
 As its dismemberment.

"My children are ye all,
 God bless the swelling throng,
 And from my ashes wake the love
 That makes your Union strong."
 The murmuring accents ceas'd,—
 No form Mount Vernon saw,
 But felt her master's presence near,
 And held her breath for awe.

Then gathering onward came
 The daughters of the clime,
 Who called that sacred spot *their own*
 Through works of zeal sublime ;
 There was no cold distrust,
 Their efforts to divide,
 No North or South within their hearts
 To quell affection's tide.

They clasp'd each other's hands,
 They knelt amid the gloom,
 And wept as mourning sisters weep
 Beside a father's tomb ;
 Then as they rose, a warmth
 O'er brow and bosom glow'd,
 Like that which with the angels' song
 O'er watching Bethlehem flow'd :

And with it breath'd a prayer,
 Invoking Him above,
That on their children might descend
 The gift of patriot love,
That wisdom from His throne
 Their councils might embrace,
And bind for ever soul to soul,
 Their own remotest race.

MY STUFFED OWL.*

In the long and quiet evening,
While a storm of snow in Aries,
Bowing low the drooping branches,
Whitened every roof and pavement,
I had weary grown with reading,
And the deep, unbroken silence
Settled heavy o'er my heart-strings.
Then I laid the book beside me,
Mused amid the glimmering lamp-light,
Gazing on the wall and pictures
'Till the reverie was broken,

* A large white Owl, of the Eagle species, was shot near the Plymouth Rock, and beautifully preserved, by a friend who sent it to me.

Lonely reverie, as I deemed it,
 By two eye-balls glaring on me,
 Round, unwinking in their sockets,
 Eye-balls of the bird of Pallas,
 Of the great white bird of Pallas,
 Perching on my parlor-table!

When I last had looked upon him
 He had seemed intently gazing
 On the wealth of green-house flowers
 That around him, in their vases,
 Grew and flourished, fresh with fragrance.
 He had seemed to make a neighbor
 Of the jonquil and the crocus,
 Hyacinths in pink and purple,
 Hyacinths in blue and saffron,
 Orange-trees, and sweet Ilissus,
 And the Cyclamen of Persia,
 Folding back its snowy petals
 With a sort of graceful gladness,
 Like an innocent white rabbit;
 He, my Owl, methought had viewed them
 With a patronizing pleasure,
 And I started at perceiving
 Fixed on me those grave, round eye-balls,

As if curiously inquiring :
 'Are you thinking of your daughter ?
 Thinking of her recent bridal,
 And the happy home she maketh
 For her chosen life's companion ?
 Are you thinking of the music
 That from yonder shut piano
 She, with fairy, flying fingers,
 Used to summon forth to cheer you ?'

Then methought those large eyes twinkled
 With a pitiful emotion ;
 And, as sympathy is precious,
 Even from unexpected quarters,
 Even from most inferior creatures,
 Quick I drew my seat beside him,
 Laid my hand upon his shoulder,
 Softly said : ' My Koko-Koho,*
 Sing a song, or tell a story,
 To amuse my lonely hearth-stone ;
 For the hearth-stone must be lonely
 Where is neither son nor daughter,
 Voice of youth, or face of infant !'

* Indian name for the Owl.

Though, in truth, that term of *hearth-stone*
 Now is obsolete and ancient,
 And the most correct cognomen,
 Howsoe'er the poets murmur,
 Should be *register* or *furnace*.

Then his snowy moustache trembled,
 And from out that beak majestic
 Came the strangest elocution,
 All monotonous and inbred,
 (Not like that which in my childhood,
 When a guest at quaint, old farm-house,
 Used to scare me from my slumbers—
 Hideous hooting of a screech-owl,)
 But monotonous and inbred,
 Perched upon my parlor-table,
 Thus intoned the bird of Pallas.

“Where the rugged coast of Plymouth
 Battles stoutly with the ocean,
 In a hollow, doddered oak-tree,
 Like a Druid I was nurtured
 In the wisdom of my people,
 Wisdom that hath made them sacred,
 At the shrine of great Minerva.



Musing in my studious cloister,
 Oft I listened as the Oak-tree
 When the west wind stirred its branches,
 Lectured to its merry leaflets
 From the annals of its childhood,—
 For the droppings of all knowledge
 To the thoughtful mind are pleasant :
 ‘I remember, I remember,’
 Thus it said in tones maternal,
 ‘When the ‘May-Flower,’ the explorer,
 Small and brown, and tempest-beaten,
 Landed on yon rocky bastion,
 All New England’s solemn fathers.
 I have heard the first-born echo
 Of their axe amid the forest;
 Heard their hymns of mournful cadence,
 When the winter and the famine
 Smote them in their earth-floored hovels.
 I have looked on saintly Carver,
 Heard the prayers of Elder Brewster,
 Seen the stalwart form of Standish,
 And sweet Rose, his blue-eyed consort,
 Seen the Winslows and John Alden,
 And the plumed and painted chieftains,
 Gazing on the pale-faced strangers



Who from their own lands should sweep them,
Like the mist when day ariseth.”

Letting fall the Oak-tree's legend,
Still with fix'd and solemn aspect
Petrifying to beholders,
Thus my friend, the Owl continued,
Giving with sepulchral cadence
Utterance to his deep complaining.—

“In my solitary kingdom,
Rights I had, but men destroyed them;
Right unto my cloistered homestead,
Right of hunting 'mid the birds' nests,
Right of spoil in rat and micedom,
To the air and to the water,
To the breath that Nature gave me,
Rights I had, and men destroyed them:
Slew and stuffed me as a trophy,
Hung me up 'mid toys and trappings,
For a mock and for a marvel.
But, like ghost of buried blessings,
I will haunt their midnight visions,
With a stony stare transfix them,
Be an incubus to vex them.”

Then, he seemed to choke with passion,
 And I pressed his claw and whispered
 Gently, as to petted baby,
 "Be not angry, Koko-Koho;
 Be a good and patient emblem
 Of the emptiness that waits us
 When we rest on earthly pleasures,
 And forget to look above them.
 Many a stuffed and lifeless skinship
 Sitteth by us at our revels,
 Like the shriveled, solemn mummies
 That the race of ancient Egypt
 Made the Mentors of their banquet.
 So, good-night, my Koko-Koho,
 Bird of Pallas, Bird of Wisdom,
 Rest thee in my quiet parlor.
 I am weary and would slumber,
 But I thank thee for thy kindness,
 For thy kindness and the legend
 Told amid this dreamy lamp-light,
 Making lonely evening pleasant."

“KNOW THYSELF.”

THALES OF MILETUS.

When gentle Twilight sits
On Day's forsaken throne,
'Mid the sweet hush of eventide
Muse by thyself alone,
And at the time of rest,
Ere sleep asserts its power,
Hold pleasant converse with thyself
In meditation's bower ;

Motives and deeds review
By Memory's truthful glass,
Thy silent self the only judge
And critic as they pass ;

And if their wayward tone
 Should give thy conscience pain,
 Resolve with energy divine
 The victory to gain.

When morning's earliest rays
 O'er spire and roof-tree fall,
 Gladly invite thy waking heart
 Forth to a festival
 Of smiles and love to all,
 The lowliest and the least,
 And of delighted praise to Him,
 The Giver of the feast.

Not on the outer world
 For inward joy depend,
 Enjoy the luxury of thought,
 Make thine own self thy friend ;
 Nor with the restless throng,
 In search of solace roam,
 But with an independent zeal
 Be intimate at home.

Good company have they
 Who by themselves do walk,
 If they have learn'd on blessed themes
 With their own souls to talk ;

For they shall never feel
 Of dull ennui the power,
 No penury of loneliness
 Shall haunt their hall or bower.

Drink waters from the fount
 That in thy bosom springs,*
 And envy not the mingled draught
 Of satraps, or of kings;
 So shalt thou find at last
 Far from the giddy train,
 Self-knowledge and self-culture lead
 To uncomputed gain.

* "Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well."—KING SOLOMON.

AUNT MARY'S CAT.

Aunt Mary's Cat three snowy kittens had,
Playful and fat and gay; so she would sport,
And let them climb upon her back, and spread
Her paws to fondle them,—and when she saw
Her mistress come that way, would proudly show
Her darlings, purring with intense delight.

But one was missing,—and Grimalkin ran,
Searching each nook with frantic eagerness,
Garret and parlor, sofa, box, and bed,
Calling her baby with a mournful cry,
And questioning each creature that she met,
In her cat-language, eloquently shrill.

And then she left the house.

Two hours passed by,
 When dragging her lost treasure by the neck,
 Her head held high to shelter it from harm,
 She joyous laid it with its sisters twain,
 Who mew'd loud welcome, and with raptured zeal
 Wash'd and re-wash'd its velvet face and paws.
 It had been trusted to a lady's care,
 By my aunt Mary, out of pure good will
 To pussy,—fearing she might be fatigued
 By too much care and nursing. But she sought
 From house to house, among the neighbors all,
 Until she found it, and restored again
 To her heart's jewels.

One full month she fed
 And nurtured it,—then in her mouth she took
 The same young kitten, and conveyed it back
 To the same house, and laid it in the lap
 Of the same good old lady, as she sat
 Knitting upon the sofa. Much amazed,
 She raised her spectacles to view the cat,
 Who, with a most insinuating tone,
 Fawning and rubbing round her slipper'd foot,
 Bespoke her favoring notice.

This is true—

Aunt Mary told me so.—Did pussy think
Her child too young for service? and when grown
To greater vigor, did she mean to show
Full approbation of her mistress' choice,
By passing many a nearer house, to find
The lady that its first indentures held?

—This looks like *Reason*,—and they say that brutes
Are only led by *Instinct*. Yet 'tis hard,
Often, to draw the line where one begins,
And where the other ends.

Yet this we know
That kindness to inferior animals
Improves their natures, and would seem to be
Fitting respect to Him who formed them all
So carefully, and lent them unto us
For use, and comfort, or as humble friends.

OUR BABY.

The brightest jewel of our heart,
The treasure of our tent,—
Cold rains were falling thick and fast
When forth from us she went.

The sweetest blossom on our tree,
When droop'd her fairy head,
We might not lay her 'mid the flowers,
For all the flowers were dead.

The youngest birdling in our nest,
Her song from us hath fled;
Yet mingles with a purer strain
That floats above our head:

We gaze,—her wings we may not see
We listen,—all in vain;
But when this wintry life is o'er
We'll hear her voice again.

THE POOR RICH MAN.

“In the fullness of his sufficiency he shall be in straits.”

JOB, 20TH AND 22D.

He schemed and was prosper'd,—he gather'd and grew
'Till his ships rode the wave and his domes struck the view,
And strangers in town were exultingly told
Where dwelt the rich man with his coffers of gold,—
Even children came out in their wonder to stare,
Who scarce knew what was meant by the word millionaire.

But the comfort the farmer partakes in his toil
Who in quiet and health eats the fruits of the soil,
The leisure the student enjoys who explores
Of science the realm, or of wisdom the shores,
Holding speech with great spirits from every land,
His gold could not buy, nor his silver command.

For there throng'd in his steps an innumerable train
 Of agents for objects from Texas to Maine,
 Each hoped he'd take time, they with emphasis say,
 Their credentials to read and their arguments weigh,
 They trusted he'd lend them material aid,
 Their travelling expenses at least must be paid,
 They took note of his steps tho' thro' by-paths he'd roam,
 They came at his meal-times to catch him at home,
 The door-bell was rung till the porter grew mad
 In short, no repose nor retirement he had,
 But sigh'd for a lodge in some wilderness wide
 Where a deer might couch down, or a woodchuck abide.

Then Poverty lifted her pinch'd, pallid face
 Yet his heart was so chill'd with distrust for his race
 That though he distributed money, the dole
 Brought no smile o'er his face, or delight to his soul.

And Philanthropy comes with her beautiful eyes
 And close in his ear like a trumpet tone cries :
 "Build a Church, where the people may worship and pray
 To far generations when you pass away ;
 Found a College,—whence learning in rivers shall flow,
 And bear up your name, when your body lies low."
 —He revolts at the call, has no taste for such claims,

“He’s in straits, he’s in straits,” and indignant exclaims,
 That the times have been bad, and his losses are great,
 And the world overvalues his means and estate,
 He’s no peace of his life such exactions he meets,
 And into his shell like a turtle retreats,
 And the joy of dispensing, that brightens our cares,
 Denies to himself and reserves for his heirs.

Very well, if he chooses, he’s surely a right
 To keep what he’s hoarded, all careful and tight
 Just as long as he can,—but how long that may be,
 A year or a season, no mortal can see,—
 Yes, let him plod on and his riches increase,
 If he gained them with honor, their end may be peace.

We pity the poor man and that is his due,
 But should not the rich share our sympathies too?
 Excited with efforts that baffle repose,
 Watch’d and waylaid and hunted wherever he goes,—
 Blamed and bann’d by the people whose suit he denies,
 By others with flattery extoll’d to the skies,
 Aspers’d or applauded beyond his desert,
 In danger from pride and from hardness of heart,
 By ingratitude met where he noblest has striven,
 God help the poor rich man, and guide him to heaven.

QUARREL OF THE THUNDER AND THE SEA.

The kingly Thunder call'd
At midnight to the Sea,
Which rising up in wrath, exclaim'd,
“What is thy will with me?”

“Yield up the noble forms
That in thy caverns hide,
The beautiful,—the brave of earth,—
Her glory and her pride.”

“Earth ventured on my breast
Those jewels,” said the Sea,
“If she hath not skill her own to keep,
Say,—what is that to me?”

Then loud the Thunder spake,
Beckoning the Tempest nigh,—
“Thou wert a robber from thy birth,
We’ll search thee, till we die.”

Out laugh’d the mocking Sea,—
“On!—Do your worst with speed,—
There’s none save the Strong Angel’s Eye
My secret cells shall read,

“But when at his command,
Those depths restore their dead,
Where wilt thou be,—thou Windy Voice,—
When clouds and skies have fled?”

THE AGRICULTURAL TONIC.

What kills the man, kills nations,—luxury,
Excess, and over-action. Greece destroy'd
Darius, but her lusty sinews shrank,
The Persian poison lingered in her veins,
And did its work.

What slew majestic Rome?
The sickening palsy of her own excess,
Who stoop'd to barter her imperial power
Unto the highest bidder, and fell down
In that asphyxia which no art can heal.

Our realm grows nervous, and hath wildering moods;
And then she dreameth to divide herself,
As Solomon in mocking judgment bade
To cut the child in twain, for whose control
Two mothers strove.

Our blessed realm is sick
 With lust of gold, and cares that from it come.
 Neuralgic pains afflict her ;—and she needs
 The tonic Nature stores in trees and fields
 For those who culture them.

Such regimen
 Would swell her sources of vitality,
 And prove an antidote to nameless ills
 That haunt the unquiet brain.

So might she find
 The rural element a safety-valve,
 And test the science earliest taught by God
 Unto the first, most glorious man He made
 In His own image,—lord of Paradise.

THE ONLY ONE.

A farewell to the Only Child!
What do those words imply?
The staunching of the fount of hope,
The darkening of its sky,
The blighting of a rose-tree
That Spring can ne'er restore,
A garland from the altar swept,
To be replaced no more.

Where is the bounding footstep?
The tone so blithe and kind?
The arm around the parent's neck
In graceful fondness twined?

The storied page made vocal
 While hours of evening fleet?
 The filial kiss, the dear "*good night*,"
 That made the dream so sweet?

There is no morning greeting,
 As song-bird charms the ear,
 No helpful hand at household board
 The welcome guest to cheer,
 No deep delight in gladness,
 No sympathy in woe,
 Like that which from those close-sealed lips
 In silvery tides would flow.

Ah! they who in life's waning,
 Give to the grave their all,
 And by a lonely hearth-stone mark
 Dim twilight shadows fall,
 Speak not to them of comfort,
 God's hand must heal the wound,
 The Only One!—*The Only One*!—
 What pathos in the sound!

TWO OLD WOMEN.

Two neighboring crones, antique and gray,
Together talk'd at close of day.

One said, with brow of wrinkled care,
"Life's cup, *at first*, was sweet and fair,

On our young lips, with laughter gay,
Its cream of brimming nectar lay,

But vapid then it grew, and stale,
And tiresome as a twice-told tale,

And so in weary age and pain
Its bitter dregs alone remain."

The other with contented eye,
Laid down her work and made reply :

“Yes, Life was sweet at morning tide,
Yet when the foam and sparkle died,

More rich, methought, and purer too
Its well-concocted essence grew,

Even now, though low its spirit drains,
And little in the cup remains,

There's sugar at the bottom still,
And we may taste it, if we will.”

“ BOY LOST.”

'Twas at the darkened evening hour,
The pleasant supper past,
When closer drew our household group
Regardless of the blast,
That shrill the watchman's bell rang out
Amid the sleet and frost,
And 'tween each pausing peal, the shout,
“ Boy Lost ! Boy Lost !”

Poor, little imp, with shoeless feet,
Dost tread the pavement bleak ?
Thy lisping tongue perchance, unskill'd
Thy father's name to speak ?

Did disobedience lure thee wide
 From the maternal knee?
 Or nature's impulse urge thee on
 This new-found world to see?

There's many a bursting sob and moan,
 In thine own home this night,
 While neighbors rous'd by frantic grief
 Rush forth from firesides bright;
 Now Heaven forefend the fearful ills
 That threat thy helpless form,
 The crushing hoof, the ponderous wain,
 The kidnap, and the storm.

Search! Search! O'er chasm and slimy pool,
 Be your red torches tost,
 At every lane and alley cry,
"Boy lost! Boy lost!"
 Nor shrink, nor stay, if life be his,
 'Till safe from all alarms,
 His chill and fluttering heart revives,
 Warm'd in a mother's arms.

Oh ye, who guard the unfolding germ
Of manhood's latent power,
Fierce tempters in dread ambush lie,
Be watchful every hour,
Lest hovering angels, they who know
The soul's immortal cost,
Should shed such tears as Heaven may weep
O'er the "*Boy lost!*"

THE VERNAL EQUINOX.

Sleep from my pillow took his early flight,
And in the heart, a sweet commanding voice
Said, "*Up—redeem the time.*" Soon, the clear skies
Blushed with prevailing morn.

The western heights

Gleamed out and gloried, and each casement wrote
Illuminated on its crystal page
His name in crimson, who alone can call
From darkness light.

High in the Zodiac moves

The father of the flock,—upon his horns
Bearing those equal scales that Libra's hand
Poiseth so well in Autumn. Now, no more
Rapacious Night, like long-neck'd Cormorant,

Feeds on the Day, gnawing at head and foot,
 Nor long-drawn Summer makes the reaper faint,
 And the tired hireling* for the sunset pine.

Nature re-vivifies. Our household plants,
 Those cheering guests amid all wintry gloom,
 Imbibe the quickening rays, and as I pour
 Their breakfast out, before I take my own,
 The bright Geraniums thank me, and looks up
 The Heliotrope, like a delighted babe,
 While from the close embrace of lustrous leaves,
 The Orange-blossoms, and rich Hyacinths,
 Bending their heads with beauty and with bloom,
 Breathe out a world of fragrance.

Heart, and Lyre!

Have ye no fresh response for love that brings
 So unforgetful every season forth
 In its appointed time?

Glad Industry,
 That other name for Health, new impulse finds
 From the Spring equinox, and meditates
 More scope and action for its energies.
 Through the cleft ices steer the laden boats,
 And, like the armor of imprisoned knight,

* "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow."—JOB.

The unus'd plough casts off adhesive rust,
Eager for combat with the frost-bound soil.

Sweet cares of home, the lov'd of woman's heart
Wake to new urgency,—for every nook,
Where Winter's dusty sceptre rul'd, requires
Research, or renovation. Costumes ask
Their fitting change, and with a clamorous joy
Play the new-girded children. Blest, indeed,
Is woman's lot,—not on the stormy cliff,
Nor 'mid the chariot race, or shouting throng,
But in a love-protected sphere, to shed
On all the heart-flowers that around her grow,
Pure drops of dew, and sunbeam smiles of Heaven.

SABBATH WORSHIP IN JAPAN.*

Red o'er the Eastern main
Aurora's mantle lay,
And cloudless smiled the Sabbath morn
On fair Simoda's bay,
Where two majestic ships
Compressed the billows green,
And floating from their towering masts
Columbia's flag was seen.

* After the successful negotiation of the Treaty between the United States and Japan, it was proposed by Mr. Harris, our Consul-General, then residing at Simoda, that the event should be signalized by the celebration of public worship on the ensuing Sabbath. Commodore Tatnall, of the flag-ship Powhatan, and Captain Nicholson, of the steam-frigate Mississippi, being then in port, with about 900 men, concurred in the plan, and bringing with them in long procession their large congregation, christian worship was thus solemnized in a kingdom of forty millions of heathens, on the 1st of August, 1858.

And there a purpose blest
 On angel-pinion hung,
 To celebrate Jehovah's praise
 In their own Saxon tongue,
 And earnestly to teach
 In that far stranger-clime
 The worship of His holy day,
 The Christian's rite sublime.

Led by their Commodore,
 And marching two and two
 According to their rank and grade
 Came officers and crew ;
 A goodly sight it was
 Those manly forms to view,
 The shining cap, the snowy vest
 And jacket richly blue ;

Hundreds on hundreds wound
 'Mid hill and dale their way,
 A goodly sight it was, I trow,
 To look on their array.
 Then forth to meet them came
 Son of their own free land,
 The noble master of a home
 Upon that foreign strand,
 20*

And bade it do its best
 To act the church's part,
 And with a zeal unknown before
 Expand its bamboo-heart;
 While on the grassy lawn
 The old stone idols cast
 Seem'd with a hideous leer of rage
 To abjure the Iconoclast.

Then rose the voice of prayer,
 Sweet music's descant ran,
 And dear Old Hundred bow'd to touch
 The ear of strange Japan,
 And many a sailor's breast
 Thrill'd with the secret tear,
 St. Martin's simple melody,
 As in his home to hear,—

As in the village church,
 Beneath the elm-tree's shade,
 Where the fond mother's glance of pride
 Her boys and girls surveyed.
 So thus the Christian rite,
 The solemn chant was raised,
 While here and there a heathen brow
 With curious wonder gazed.

We stretch our hand to thee
 Oh Isle, so long unknown!
We stretch the greeting hand to thee,
 Yet not for gold alone,
But bearing scrip and crook
 Wherewith good shepherds guide
A wandering flock to pastures green,
 The living stream beside.

THE FRIEND'S GRAVE.

Oh, liberated One! shall sorrow's tide
Moan thy swift transit from this lodge of ours?
Where thou wert not at home,—nor satisfied?
Where storm and blast transfix the fairest flowers?
And even thy highest pleasures only led
To deeper thirst for joys that scorn to shed
Their perfect bloom on sublunary bowers?
Thine aspirations were to Heaven allied,
For thou wert not a serf,—but nobly born
Of genius and of God,—all low delights to scorn.

What shall we mourn? thy pains? Earth's pains are past.
Thy losses?—gold and gems, to thee are dross.
Woes and bereavements?—They are o'er at last.
The dire death-struggle?—Servant of the cross!

Thou hadst a martyr's firmness in thy heart,
 And though we saw upon the parting day
 Cold, shuddering dew-drops o'er thy forehead start,
 Perchance the ethereal nerve had broke the sway
 Of torturing sense, and thou wert calmly free
 From what we weeping call'd, convulsive agony.

Mourn we for thee?—We, who the same stern field
 Must reap, and on the same clay pallet lie?
 For all our grosser particles must yield
 To the same subterranean solvency,
 Ere from its cell of mystery and gloom
 Amid dissolving rocks, and flaming skies,
 And cleaving cerements of the prisoning tomb,
 The enfranchised body in that glory rise
 Which He who cannot swerve hath promis'd sure
 To those who sleep in Christ and patiently endure.

Thoughts from thy grave, dear Friend! how deep their
 trace,
 Bright wings unfold, and spirit voices cry
 There is no death,—but only change of place,—
 No death,—*no death* to immortality!
 In God's great universe is room for all

The souls that He hath made. The shroud, the pall,
 False trophies of a fancied victory,
 Behold their tyrant terrors fade and fall ;
 *Out of the ship, pale trembler ! Tread the shore
 Of undelusive life,—thy voyage with time is o'er.

Question not God, frail Creature of the dust !
 Make no conditions where thy lot shall be ;
 Ask for no pledge of Him. Be still, and trust,—
 Trust and be joyful, for His love is free ;
 Press on in faith, where'er He bids thee go,
 Gird thee with truth, in sunlight or in shade,
 Uproot the weed of self, and meekly sow
 Pure germs of love for all His hand hath made :
 Build not on rituals, make His love thy text,
 So shall all work thy good, in this life or the next.

* "Thou hast sailed. Thou hast had thy voyage. Thou hast come to land.
 Get out of the ship into another life. Are not the Gods there?"

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

EASTER, AT ST. COLUMBA.*

Oh, children of our red-brow'd race,
Come, at the Church's call!—
A glory in yon dawning skies,
Portendeth good to all,
To all, who in a Saviour's name
Believe, with humble trust,
And on this Easter-morning hail
His rising from the dust.

* This description of the Easter of 1856, among our aborigines, is derived from their faithful and devoted Missionary, the Rev. Dr. J. L. Breck. A festival on that sacred occasion had been prepared for the children of the Mission-School, and their parents, and though the latter were then much engaged in collecting from the maple groves, the sugar harvest of the year, they came, some of them from a great distance, to the services of the Church. At their close, they walked in procession to the mission-house, the children reciting as they went, the 118th Psalm. There they found a bountiful, but plain feast, spread by their kind matron and teacher. They solemnly said grace, all speaking together, with their hands in an appropriate attitude; and after the repast, joined in harmoniously chanting, "Glory to Thee,—glory to Thee,—glory be unto Thee, O Lord."

They hear that voice in copse and grove,
 Where day by day they bide,
 With earnest care to watch and tend
 The maple's pierced side,
 And from its flowing blood to win
 The harvest of the year,—
 But turning from their earnest toil
 The summon'd bands appear,

And to their consecrated House
 Repair with pious zeal,
 Where they, who erst as Pagans groped
 In christian worship kneel,
 With docile heart the wondrous lore
 Of God's own volume learn,
 Still gathering round their teacher's side
 As lambs to shepherd turn,

They lift on high the solemn stave
 With joy unknown before,
 "Our Lord is risen from the dead,
 Is risen, to die no more."
 For Easter's glorious rites had bade
 Their spirits warmly glow,
 And for the resurrection trust
 Exchange their heathen woe.

And now the sacred service o'er
 Again that favored throng,
 In fair procession, two and two
 Move on with chanted song ;
 How blest o'er Minnesota's vales
 To hear such descant rung,
 And blent with holy David's harp
 The sweet Ojibwa tongue.

So, tuneful, towards the Mission house
 They pass with gladness free,
 As hastes the migratory bird
 Back to its native tree,
 And round the plenteous board unite,
 By christian kindness spread,
 Invoking first His gracious smile,
 Who gives His children bread.

Then rising from their sweet repast
 With grateful, beaming eyes,
 In one accordant tone they thank
 Their Father in the skies.
 Oh remnant of the roaming tribes,
 Down-trodden and unblest,
 'Tis meet that we should point you where
 The weary are at rest,

That we, who on your fathers' lands
Our joyous fabrics rear,
Unto the House not made with hands
Should bring your spirits near.
Oh heart of Mission-faith ! be strong !
Nor doubt your toil shall raise
A glorious undiscordant song
Thro' everlasting days.

THE HEROES.

The world lay at his feet, a conquered thing
Yet tears suffused his eye, and like a child
Who weepeth for the moon, he inly griev'd
After another planet to subdue.
Unsatisfied Ambition troubled him,—
That was his payment.

Hark! the mad carouse,
Where Philip's son all majesty throws by,
All manhood, and ingloriously expires
In the wine-fever.

Why did ancient Rome
 Listen and shudder, as the Alpine cliffs
 Gave out strange thunder-echoes, with the tramp
 Of hostile legions? From the cleaving cloud
 The Carthaginian leap'd, and at his feet
 The humbled mistress of the world knelt down.
 Power held its course, but ever at its side
 Ran sleepless Hatred, eager to o'erthrow
 What tower'd above it. Outcast and despised,
 Wandering 'mid stranger-courts and foreign climes
 Great Hannibal, erst lauded as a god,
 Drank of the poison-cup, and reeling died.

A thousand cities shrank at Cæsar's name;
 And round a million graves the restless ghosts
 Roaming, reproach'd him for the life he rent
 Out of their throbbing hearts.

Yet was his breast
 Not adamantine. Still amid its nerves
 Entwin'd some chords of social sympathy,
 Like dwindled plants beneath o'ershadowing oak.
 He loved his friends, and by his friends he fell,
 While "*Et tu Brute*" closed his epitaph.

Ho, for the Corsican! What step like his
 Made mighty nations tremble? Self-endow'd,

Self-rai's'd, upon Earth's topmost round he stood,
 Wealth, Fame, Art, Luxury, his liveried serfs
 To do his bidding.

In the loneliest Isle
 Of lone Atlantic, walks with measured step
 A guarded prisoner, watching evermore
 The rolling wave. Perchance, he spies afar
 The flag of France, his Empire, gliding by,—
 But not to rescue or remember him.
 So, the chafed Lion pined away and died.

Who at the call of his young Country rous'd,
 When by the pillar of the cloud she trod
 Begirt by foes?

Who thro' her war-storm led,
 Serene, as tho' a charmed life he bore?
 Who when the long and arduous strife was o'er
 Wore her chief honor, without thought of self,
 And laid it down, and to his fields went forth
 More happy there to muse at eventide,
 Than hear the plaudits of a shouting world?
 Who in that rural home, by gathering years
 Still unimpaired, in perfect balance poised
 Goodness with greatness, still revered by all,
 But most by those who saw his inner life
 Without a veil, in holy calmness met

His apotheosis, and heavenward went,
A Christian hero, victor over death ?

Oh new-found West !—Make answer !—On thy shield
Grave, girt with stars, the name of Washington,—
Whom Earth accounts her greatest, while high Heaven
Sanctions the choice.

TO A PORTRAIT.

Speak to me,—speak!—how slow the years have past
Since that dear voice could charm away the sigh,
As gentle sunbeams rule the moaning blast
Or tint the azure of a cloudless sky.

Smile on me,—smile!—for many a care hath laid
Its weary burden since thou last wert here,
And heart-sown hopes that cheer'd our household shade
Cast their untimely fruit with blossoms sere.

Even so Our Father lessoneth us below,
That not on earth our fondest trust be staid
Nor twin'd with fleeting joys that falsely glow,
The fair to promise,—but the quick to fade :

That voice!—that smile, Oh Friend! may Heaven restore
Their solace to my soul, where time shall be no more.

THE RURAL LIFE.

The rural life in every clime
Hath been the foe of war and crime,
Its earnest toils have nurtured health,
And quell'd the vanity of wealth,
And prov'd with adamantine band
The strength and glory of a Land.

The Farmer who, in days of old,
From house to house his produce sold,
Well-ripened fruits, and sheaves of gold,
Seem'd to us, children of the town,
A trifle coarse and wondrous brown,

We marvell'd how his ample hand
 Became so horny and so tann'd,
 And deem'd his heavy shoes would ill
 Befit the light-heel'd dancer's skill ;
 But they who, 'neath his roof should try
 The test of hospitality,
 His honesty without a flaw,
 His love of liberty and law,
 Would find, howe'er uncouth to view,
 The roughen'd diamond, pure and true.

He need not mark with anxious eye
 The fluctuant market's usury,
 Nor had he need to watch or wail
 The lightness of the baker's scale,
 His own sweet loaves from oven's maw,
 Did careful wife or daughter draw,
 Well pleas'd the household board to see
 Crown'd by their active ministry.

His fields of grain, that richly spread
 His towering maize, with tassel'd head,
 His lowing herds that freely pour
 The creamy nectar's balmy store,
 His poultry roaming proudly blest,
 The ivory treasures of their nest,

His bees that hoard in cone-like bower
 The honied essence of the flower,
 The garden-roots that bide their time,
 The fruits that fall, the vines that climb,
 A plenteous aliment supply,
 Which even Parisian luxury,
 With all its wire-drawn art and fame,
 Perchance might scorn, but need not blame.

Ho! for the flax-field's blossom blue,
 And lustrous leaf surcharg'd with dew,
 Its fibrous stem the wheel shall stir
 Of many a thrifty cottager.
 Ho!—for the white flock wandering nigh
 Thro' pastures green, with patient eye,
 Their silken fleece by woman's care
 Transmuted for her household dear,
 Arms them the keenest blast to bear;
 And well such useful labors cheer
 With sweet content her shelter'd sphere.

For she from loom and distaff drew
 Not thread alone, or warp and woof,
 But strength to bear, and will to do
 That kept neuralgic pains aloof;

The arm that in the dairy wrought,
Gain'd muscle firm, by action free,
While buxom health and cheerful thought,
The priceless gifts of industry,
Inspired the vigor that sustains
The mystic nerves and flowing veins,
Lends to the cheek a ruddy glow,
And keeps the forehead fair,
Even though chill age may sift its snow
Amid the lustrous hair.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

“ Now the eventide was come.”

ST. MARK.

Thanks, Gracious Father, for the day,
That robed in twilight sweet,
Thus lingereth ere it fleet away
To guide us to Thy feet ;
Thanks for its hush of holy rest,
That did our toils repair,
Its voice within Thy Temple blest,
Its healing balm of prayer.

We thank Thee for its living bread
 That did our hunger stay,
 The showers of angel-manna shed
 Around our desert way ;
 Forgive us if our thoughts were slow
 To claim a heavenly birth,
 If feelings that should upward glow
 Did gravitate to earth ;

Forgive us, if those precepts pure,
 Which should our deeds control,
 And aid us bravely to endure,
 Grew languid in the soul ;
 Forgive us, if like ingrate cold
 We breath'd a murmuring moan,
 Or fail'd to grasp the chain of gold
 That bindeth to Thy throne.

Oh grant that when this span of life
 In evening shade shall close,
 And all its vanity and strife
 Subside to long repose,
 We through His mediation sweet,
 Who once for sinners died,
 May share that sabbath at thy feet
 Which hath no eventide.

THE RULER'S FAITH.

“Come, lay thine hand upon her, and she shall live.”

MATTHEW 9TH AND 18TH.

Death cometh to the chamber of the sick,—
The ruler's daughter, like the peasant's child,
Grows pale as marble. Hark, that hollow moan
Which none may help, and then, the last, faint breath
Subsiding with a shudder!

The loud wail
Bespeaks an idol fallen from the shrine
Of a fond parent's heart. A wither'd flower
Is there, Oh mother, where thy proudest hope
Solac'd itself with garlands, and beheld

New buddings every morn. Father, 'tis o'er!
 That voice is silent, which had been thy harp,
 Quickening thy footstep nightly toward thy home,
 Mingling, perchance, an echo all too deep
 Even with the temple-worship, when the soul
 Should deal with God alone.

What stranger-step
 Breaketh the trance of grief? Whose radiant brow
 In meekness, and in majesty doth bend
 Beside the bed of death?

“She doth but *sleep*,
 The damsel is *not dead*.”

A smother'd hiss
 Contemptuous rises from the wondering band
 Who beat the breast, and raise the licens'd wail
 Of Judah's mourning.

Look upon the dead!
 Heaves not the winding-sheet? Those trembling lids,—
 What peers between their fringes, like the hue
 Of dewy violet? The blanch'd lips dispart,
 And hark, a quivering, long-drawn sigh restores
 Their rose-leaf beauty! Lo, a clay-cold hand
 Graspeth the Master's, and with sudden spring
 That shrouded sleeper, like a timid fawn,
 Hides in her mother's bosom!

Faith's strong root
 Was in the father's spirit. "Lay thine hand
 On her and she shall live." As he believ'd,
 So was it unto him. The fruit of faith
 How beautiful.

Oh Parents, loved of God,
 Have ye a daughter in that deeper sleep
 Which threatens the soul's salvation? Let your prayer
 Be eloquent for her,—both when she smiles
 In all her radiant beauty on the morn,
 Or when at night, her clustering tresses sweep
 Their downy pillow in the trance of dreams,
 Or when at pleasure's beckoning she goes forth,
 Or to the meshes of an earthly love
 Trusts her young heart,—for her be eloquent
 In faith's prevailing prayer, until His touch
 Who raised the Ruler's dead, give life to her,—
 Life that surmounts the tomb.

THE GIFT OF THE CLOUD.

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

SHAKSPEARE.

A Lily said to a threatening Cloud
That in sternest garb array'd him,
“ You have taken my Lord, the Sun, away,
And I know not where you've laid him.”

Then it folded its leaves, and trembled sore
As the hours of darkness press'd it
But at morn, like a bride in beauty shone,
For with pearls the dews had dress'd it.

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So it felt ashamed of its fretful thought,
And fain in the dust would hide it,
For the Night of weeping had jewels brought
Which the pride of Day denied it.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

I think of thee, in cloudless years
Of vigor, and of bloom,
Before thy lip of rose inhaled
The vapor of the tomb ;
I think of all thy winning ways,
Thy simple, infant wile,
The wondrous cast of thought that gave
Such magic to thy smile,
Think even upon thy little robes
By needle's skill refined,
The beauty of thy rounded arms,—
God help my earthly mind !

Sunset like sunrise may illumine the dale,
The western gate be as the orient bright,
Life's latest drop like diamond spark exhale,
Into the glorious sphere that hath no night;
So full of joy I strike the tuneful shell
Oh, last Moon of the Year, to bid thee sweet farewell.